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HINDENBURG, HITLER, AND GOERING AT THE TANNENBERG MEMORIAL
"Hindenburg's famous victory at Tannenberg was not his work at all . . ."

Myth into Man

HINDENBURG AND THE SAGA OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC. By Emil Ludwig. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT

FOR exactly twenty years—1914 to 1934—Hindenburg was a name to conjure with, and innumerable laudatory biographies have appeared in German. Now that he is dead, the historic figure can be more easily subjected to criticism and analysis, and Emil Ludwig's book deserves a warm welcome as the first serious attempt. The author's aim has been

> to show how an army officer was carried far beyond the limits of his potentialities, not by ambition, but by a "legend" which has accreted around his name; and how, in the most natural way, when he was a very old man, he returned to the principles which only in semblance he had for a brief time abandoned; how a Junker and field marshal and president was driven into dictatorship, first by his environment, and then by long-standing authoritarian instincts, until, most tragically at last, he surrendered power to a group of gangsters, to die profoundly embittered.

Since the approach is primarily psychological, it is the man that stands out rather than the great events of which he was a part, but the narrative is not forgotten, and the account of German history from Hindenburg's election to the presidency in 1925 is at once vivid and instructive. For the first sixty-six years of his life, the main source is his own autobiography, and one suspects that Herr Ludwig's interpretation of this period is sometimes rather subjective. For the war years, however, there is an abundance of official material, not to speak of countless memoirs, and all this is used with great skill and objectivity. When he comes to the last years, Herr Ludwig has to rely on current publications, his own observations, and "information, privately received, from Hindenburg's collaborators and adversaries." Perhaps this, the most interesting section of the book, will not ultimately stand the test of historical criticism, but "by the time all the sources have been unsealed,

(*Continued on page* 623)

The Adventures of Modern England

THE [illegible] OF MODERN ENGLAND. By C. Somervell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935 $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THERE are two things to be said at the outset about this book: first, that it is a chronicle without an end; second, that it attempts to review the manifold adventures of England—from 1910 onwards—with complete impartiality. As to the first, it can only be a matter of pleasure (to all but absolute sticklers for literary form) that the book should end, not with the death of George V, but with a eulogy of him: the world has seen so few good English kings, that it cannot afford to bury the best of them. As to the second, one may perhaps allow oneself a little doubt.

What is the value of impartiality? When dealing with the eighteenth century, even with the Victorian Age, impartiality is perhaps essential — these periods have fallen into perspective. Their villains are established, their heroes and heroines pedestaled, their motives illuminated: it is the pleasant task of their historian to give the scene some final lucidity, some extra touch of art, and he may congratulate himself upon the fact that, in this case, precision and impartiality go hand in hand. But the times we have lived in, and are still living through—can one be impartial about them? No man, and no issue, is really intelligible until he or it is no longer able to affect us personally: no historical landscape can be seen as a living whole until it is inhabited exclusively by very dead men. The history of our times is still in a state of exciting incoherence. Its innumerable tangles of conflicting threads have still to be sorted out; and this can only be done, I believe, by the interested endeavors of apologists, propagandists, theorists, scandal-mongers, ex-Cabinet Ministers, and literary men—in other words, of anyone with a brief to plead. Each will drag from the mass the threads he needs, and arrange them in the pattern which suits him best: and not until this has happened can future

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What's In a Name?

A Publisher Discusses Three Instances of Plagiarism*

BY GEORGE H. DORAN

MY experience has demonstrated to me that there is really no such thing as unconscious assimilation by one author of the work or thought of another author. By this I do not mean that a fugitive phrase or sentence may not unconsciously or thoughtlessly be appropriated by an author who honestly believes that phrase or sentence to be of his own conception. Of course, there are many, many instances of actual theft of magazine stories and articles, sometimes of whole books with just some slight changes of locale and personalities, but these usually are by hack writers—those poor devils void of any genius of their own who in the realm of crime would be pickpockets and petty larceners rather than astute and accomplished thieves. The hack at best deceives only the small-fry editor or careless syndicate-manager. His recompense would be slight and he would be proof against legal action because of poverty, and having no reputation to jeopardize, any penalty would be negligible, for after all, it is such a simple matter for him to choose another *nom de guerre* and begin all over again, even reusing his earlier pilferings.

The real tragedies of plagiarism come when authors of note and distinction fall prone before the deadly parallel. As *prima facie* cases they are guilty as hell and yet there are explanations and mitigations. Let me cite three out of many actual occurrences in my own experience. One name I must use, for otherwise the situation would not be understandable. The other two I may not or shall not use, for both authors are living and stand high on the lists of distinguished and competent writers.

In the later eighties there came to Chicago from the mission fields of the Black Hills a brilliant young preacher who signed himself N. D. Hillis. He was unusually gifted and fluent in speech, zealous in his chosen calling; and had positive genius for the use of words. He was called to the pastorate of the wealthy and influential First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois—that smugly important suburb of Chicago. I sat at his feet and learned so much from him that I count myself for ever his debtor, for if I have the slightest flair for facility of speech—the rounding of a sentence or the turning of a phrase—I owe it to those informal meetings and richly earnest conversations. So naturally it came about that I first suggested and then strongly urged that he prepare a volume of his lectures and addresses for publication.

He finally consented and bit by bit I extracted from him the manuscript of chapters which ultimately went to the making of his first book, "A Man's Value to Society." The manuscript title-page bore as its author N. D. Hillis—much too prosaic and unattracting a cognomen for this book of brilliant, bristling, provocative essays. I asked for his christened name in full, and thereafter he was known as Newell Dwight Hillis. The book progressed slowly but finally was ready for the press, when I urged that his first book should have both dedication and preface. The dedication was a simple matter but the preface gave him pause, for that meant time and thought. One day, yielding at last to my importunity, he brought to me a manilla-colored foolscap page on which was written in longhand the long-desired material for his preface. I recall that piece of paper as distinctly as when first it came into my hands and recognized not his own rather indecipherable calligraphy but the neat feminine hand of Mrs. Hillis. The book was published.

One Saturday afternoon I was on my way home and bought my copy of the Chicago *Evening Post*. On the first page was a double-column news-story which was nothing more nor less than a savage and violent attack upon my pet book. "A Man's Value to Society," and its distinguished author. To my amazement, the article quoted parallels between Dr. Hillis's book and David Swing, Henry Ward Beecher, and Joseph Cook that were too complete and incriminating to admit of any question even to the mind of a simple layman. My copy was one of a very early edition of the *Post*. It could not have reached Dr. Hillis at his uptown home, so I started at once to see him, feeling that it would be better for me to deliver the blow than to have it come first from reporters and critics. I handed the paper to him; he read it with fast-paling cheeks and quivering hands. I know he believed honestly and thoroughly every word when he said, "Why, Doran! Doran! There is not one atom of truth in this." I counselled: "You cannot summarily dismiss the evidence of these parallels by mere sweeping denial. I do not think you guilty of deliberate plagiarism. You are too fertile and imaginative and creative ever to use the words, phrases, and sentences and conceptions of another, yet someway, somehow, you have permitted yourself to appropriate these many phrases and sen-

* The following article, in somewhat expanded form, will constitute a chapter in Mr. Doran's "Chronicles of Barabbas," reminiscences of his fifty years of publishing, shortly to be issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

This Week

COLLECTED POEMS AND A HOPE FOR POETRY
By C. DAY LEWIS
Reviewed by John Gould Fletcher

AFTER THIS, SEA
By JOSEPHINE MILES

GERALD: A PORTRAIT
By DAPHNE DU MAURIER
Reviewed by Clayton Hamilton

PUZZLED AMERICA
By SHERWOOD ANDERSON
Reviewed by Louis Adamic

IN THEIR OWN IMAGE
By HAMILTON BASSO
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

IN MEMORIAM:
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
By Louis V. Ledoux

REASONS OF MY OWN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

A FEW FOOLISH ONES
By GLADYS HASTY CARROLL
Reviewed by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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tences from the books cited by this critic of yours and your book." I added that if he had in his library copies of the books from which these quotations were taken he never could convince anyone that he had not deliberately appropriated the work of others. He calmed. He admitted possession of these particular books. What should he do! It was too late to recall the issue of the *Post*—in fact, Kohlsaat, its owner, had to choose between permitting the issue to go on or risk the resignation of his editor Clover.

There followed in Sunday's *Times-Herald*, the morning paper owned by Kohlsaat, a statement by Hillis and one by the owner: the preacher affirmed he had not the slightest consciousness of plagiarism, and the publisher expressed his great distress that unwittingly he had become party to the alleged exposé. It was all in such good part that Central Church and that part of Chicago at all interested accepted the statements at face value and the incident was closed.

Some months later, perhaps a year or two, the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was vacated by the resignation of Dr. Lyman Abbott. When this high place was offered to Dr. Hillis, he accepted it with little hesitation, for to him Henry Ward Beecher's old church was the height of ambition for any American preacher. Then one fateful day came the real blow. The *Sun* printed the preface to "A Man's Value to Society" and parallel with it, a preface from a very early book by Professor David Swing. No mistaking the damning indictment. An afternoon at five o'clock just at closing time as I was about to leave my office Dr. Hillis came in a state of complete perturbation and distress and begged me to give him some time for an important discussion. It was a very grave situation and yet there was a perfectly straightforward and manly way of meeting it. I endeavored to show him that way. To me it was perfectly clear what had happened. When I had exacted the preface for "A Man's Value to Society," Dr. Hillis had said to his wife:

GEORGE H. DORAN
Photo by Blank & Stoller

nt my book. The result was that [illegible] colored sheet of foolscap and the wonderful preface. He admitted the accuracy of my statement. After considerable discussion, he agreed with me that the only thing to do was to accept the criticism bravely, boldly to state the facts, and take such consequences as might ensue, for after all it was a mere incident in a great career and his only crime had been carelessness. The next day's papers carried an interview with Dr. Hillis which stated that much to his regret and chagrin he had discovered that a young man in his publisher's office, becoming unduly impatient for a preface, had used the Swing preface without Dr. Hillis's knowledge, and that it never had occurred to Dr. Hillis to review his own work after publication.

Dr. Hillis succeeded Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott, and I lost an author, for the pastor of Plymouth Church could not entrust his publishing to so careless a young man.

Now Newell Dwight Hillis was not a plagiarist per se. There was not the slightest necessity for him to borrow, much less to steal, the work of another. He conceived more original themes and ideas than it was possible for him to utilize, but that very pressure of mental and creative activity so crowded his time that he became careless and at the last moment would hurriedly prepare for a meeting or a lecture. I have known him to get up before a Bryn Mawr audience ready to deliver an address to young men only, to be confronted by the grace and beauty of a young woman's college. He would forget wedding and funeral appointments—he was a dreamer, but a divine dreamer. He had the most photographic mind I have ever encountered. I would hand him some pages from a forthcoming book to read. In a few seconds he would return them. "But you have not read them," I would protest. Then to prove that he had he would quote sentence after sentence verbatim. He was a maker of mosaics, and if once on a time he borrowed a bit of color from here or there, the beauty and majesty of the finished design was his and his alone. Once he said to me: "I am criticized for my mythology or my ignorance of it. The fact is that I do not find a myth to illuminate my point. I create one of my own." And he did.

My second instance is that of a very prominent, popular, and highly successful woman novelist, traveller, and playwright. I had just published a new novel of hers and its success was not only spectacular, far exceeding any previous sales of her books, but it so reacted on her earlier books that these too had a renewed and greater popularity. In this latest novel she described a certain beauty spot in Wales—a really perfect bit of descriptive writing.

One day the president and chief owner of one of the important publishing houses in New York called to see me. From his pocket he took a bundle of galley proofs—an ominous portent. He placed them quietly before me and invited my reading and careful consideration. From a book of travel published by him my author had taken bodily her Welsh picture.

There had been offered to the editor of his monthly magazine an article showing the parallel between the two descriptions. Parallel is not quite the right word, for there were three book pages consisting of about twelve hundred words—the appropriation was shameless and complete. My visitor said: "When this was brought to my attention I instructed that its publication be withheld until I had seen you." We agreed it was not a matter for correspondence. My author lived in England. As I was planning to go abroad shortly I promised I would personally tell the author all the facts, par[illegible] true and honorable friend. On my arrival in London I immediately made contact with my author. Then I told her my story and presented my evidence. She read quietly for a short time, then she tightly clutched the papers; the color mounted high in her face, and with all the drama and emotion which have made for the popularity and success of her books, she said with great indignation:

> Well, why not! Why should I not take a short cut to a scene which this other writer knows so much better than I? For years lines from my plays, paragraphs from my books, ideas from my plots—all these have been appropriated by others. Why should not I do a little compensating borrowing on my own account?

And so she went on with her specious defense until I began to feel that I was the culprit and that her wrath was being vented upon me as the person who had brought this shame needlessly upon her. I allowed her passionate resentment to work itself out, for it was clear she was distressed and merely sparring for time or some possibility of advantage. Then I said to her:

> My dear, you must be flattered that so many have taken tidbits from your tables of bounty, but surely you do not contend that two wrongs make one right. Surely you are too rich in creative genius and ability to permit yourself to become sponsor for another's work, no matter how clever it may be. Then think of the generosity of my American rival—just suppose he had published this article; conceive of your mortification. Be practical for a moment and think of the real material damage to your reputation and your income if this *exposé* had put you forever under suspicion with editors and critics, and rather more than all else, the deadly effect of the whispering-gallery among your readers.

I held forth along this line until our minds came more nearly to a meeting-point.

This woman never had the slightest necessity to beg, borrow, or steal from anyone anywhere. She could write rings around the man from whom she took those three pages of description, and yet for that one little temporary blind spot she hazarded the purity of her reputation. Her crime was not plagiarism but indolence, and a curious little sense of inferiority at a critical moment.

This third instance has always stood out in my mind as the most extraordinary incident in my contact with authors. A properly accredited literary agent in New York brought to me the work of a young author whose one or two books had been somewhat indifferently published by another firm. Here was the manuscript (most carefully and neatly prepared) of his next book, which had already been sold for a goodly figure to run serially in one of the most popular and widely circulated magazines in the country. As this magazine was noted for its care and discrimination in the selection of its fiction and had a large circulation monthly, there was definite reason why we should most favorably consider this author and his work. The report on the manuscript from my editor-in-chief was so favorable that a contract was drawn forthwith and in due time executed.

The magazine proposed to run the story in four monthly parts and we were permitted to publish in book form after the appearance of the third instalment, so it was incumbent on us to begin the work of type-setting and designing. This we did. The proofs were most carefully read and diligently compared with the magazine setting. The author read the proofs, but his changes were too [illegible] copies, and upon our representations booksellers subscribed advance orders sufficient to justify our thoughtful consideration of reprinting in advance of publication. Altogether a highly gratifying discovery!

The third instalment had appeared in the magazine, our publication date had been fixed, copies were packed ready to release for review, publicity had been scheduled, and all was set for a successful launching. Then one morning the magazine editor sent an S O S call to my editor and arranged an immediate meeting. From somewhere out in Colorado (Boulder, I think) came a letter from an Englishman, retired to the genial and invigorating climate of the Rockies. In this letter he told of having read some years ago this particular story of our young author. He gave chapter and verse for his statements. The title had been altered and the names of the principal characters changed, but otherwise he could detect no change from the original version, which he had enjoyed so much that his memory carried the complete thread of the story and, in addition, the title under which it first had been published. From this information we were able to trace the history of the book in America. It had been published in the year 1891. There was no American copyright but all American rights had been purchased for a lump sum. The first protective step was to acquire from the American publisher all his property rights in the book and its plates. This was easily arranged and, fortunately, they had preserved a file copy which accompanied the transfer to my company.

Next we sought the author, but he had died and we could find no trace of existing proprietary British rights in the book. A very careful comparison of the original publication was made with the manuscript and with the corrected proofs submitted by our author. We found the Colorado correspondent to be absolutely correct in his statements, for the only changes were in the title, the names of characters, and slight alterations in phrasing, the better to conceal its British origin.

Armed with these facts, I sent for our young author and confronted him with the evidence. He attempted a little bluffing but yielded quickly to the irrefutable testimony of the original book. His defense was that he happened upon this old book, had been intrigued by its plot, and thought to utilize some of its features in the book he had planned next to write. Later, under pressure of financial necessity (this being 1929 and brokers were calling for margins) he boldly took over the old book lock, stock, and barrel, made the few changes indicated, carefully transcribed it on his own typewriter—three copies, one for the magazine, one for us, and one for himself. Properly cornered, he owned up to everything and penitently sought a way out of his predicament.

We were in a difficult position. I did not want to compound a felony and yet as we had acquired all rights the felony existed only against ourselves. The magazine proprietors were in a hopeless predicament. They could scarcely be expected blandly and needlessly to explain to their millions of readers that they had been duped, so they felt the compulsion of silence, the more so as the issue containing the fourth instalment was printed and bound and ready for distribution. To destroy those copies without hope of recompense was too great a penalty. Then, too, there was the time-element, for so large a reprinting could not be accomplished without fatal delay in distribution. A graceful and complete retirement was their only remaining course. This they did. As for ourselves, our position was entirely different. We asked for the restoration of *status quo ante*—that we be reimbursed for all cash advances made and for our costs of typesetting, plate-making, print[illegible] [illegible] brokerage house with Wall Street connections.

There remained the problem of the author as a man and as a writer. No doubt of his talent and less doubt of his cleverness. Why not make an effort to save him rather than to destroy him? He was penitent if for no other reason than the dread fear of literary execution and extinction, and who was I to deny him right and opportunity to reconstruct his life?

I made the proposal that we would hold him to our option on his next three books but that we would deal with each book on its merits. After that he would be released to make such other publishing arrangements as he might choose. So he was paroled and probationed. We published those three books; they were increasingly better in quality and were widely read. Today he has a quiet distinction all his own—not quite all his own, for he married a shrewd and intelligent newspaper woman who has taken into her hands the direction of his life and letters, and she does his typewriting.

Those three instances I submit as proof that assimilation or plagiarism is not unconscious but that vanity (which is another name for excessive modesty and an inferiority complex) and intellectual indolence are responsible for those, even those in high places, who yield to temptation even without being conscious of the tempting.

Proper efforts at restitution were made in all three cases. The offending preface disappeared from "A Man's Value to Society"; the offending paragraphs throughout the book were deleted and substitutions (really improvements) made by the author.

My woman author journeyed to Wales and rewrote the three pages of Welsh description—her present version a classic of scenic atmosphere in printed form.

My young friend has gone straight and the world and his children would have been losers had his literary soul been damned.

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COLLECTED POEMS AND A HOPE FOR POETRY. By C. Day Lewis. New York: Random House. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

OF the three chief representatives of the most recent revival of poetry in England, we may say this: that if W. H. Auden is the most savagely intellectual, and Stephen Spender the most impenitently evangelical, Cecil Day Lewis is the most lyrically broad-minded. None can, I think, read the long essay here entitled "A Hope for Poetry," printed as appendix to this volume (but which should be read first, before reading the poems themselves) without realizing the fact that this young Englishman has stated better than almost any other of his group the peculiar perils and dangers afflicting the modern poet, as well as the desperate attempts he must

C. DAY LEWIS

make to evade them. As a matter of fact, all the poets now writing might as well shut up their inkwells, and take to doing something else; neither the public nor the world at large will be any the worse or the wiser for their loss. The newspaper has usurped the function of Homer, the radio's "god gifted angel voice" is more to us than that of Milton, the patent medicine advertisement has a magic more potent than Ferdinando's in "The Tempest"; and a Hollywood movie star can combine —and season—all the delights offered by a Keats or a Shelley. Those who write poetry are henceforward anachronisms; and woe to him who denies it!

Mr. Day Lewis would fain persuade us to accept this state of affairs philosophically. In common with his companions, he is now engaged in an exploring trip to carry us across the modern waste-land into a more glorious future. There are those who would say that this future looks suspiciously like orthodox Marxianism; but let that pass. Poetry's plight, poor thing, is so great that perhaps an overdose of Marxianism can do no harm to an art that has grown steadily more moribund since the Victorian era. And, besides, as Mr. Lewis very sensibly says:—

> We may say that, while the poetic function of the man cannot be directly concerned with political ideas, his humanity may be concerned with them; in which case they will inevitably come into communication with his poetical function, and to some extent affect his poetry. We may go further, and say that if a poet is going to be receptive of political ideas, it is essential for him as a man to feel strongly about them. . . . What is really undesirable is that the poet should have dealings with political ideas as a poet, without having first dealings with them as a man; for direct contact between the poetic function and abstract ideas can give birth only to rhetoric. The man must pass the idea through the medium of his emotion before the poet can get to work upon it. "We make of the quarrel with others rhetoric," Yeats has said, "but of the quarrel with ourselves poetry."

This excellent statement of the precise difficulty that faces the poet determined to propagandize (the alternative being to evade the issue, and therefore necessarily limit the appeal) does not, however, cast much light on these poems themselves. They may be divided into two classes. The first, named here "Transitional Poem," represents largely Day Lewis's mind before its contact with the more powerful but disruptive mind of W. H. Auden. Here we have essentially nature poetry in the Wordsworthian sense (but stated in a technique more akin to Keats) and informed by a sharp and sensuous delight in being able to dissociate the elements involved in such experience. One might cite, for example, the beautiful lyric on page 42:—

> Chiefly to mind appears
> That hour on Silverhowe,
> When evening's lid hung low,
> And the sky was about our ears.
> Buoyed between fear and love,
> We watched in eastward form
> The armadas of the storm
> And sail superbly above;
> So near, they'd split and founder
> On the least jag of sense,
> One false spark fire the immense
> Broadside, the confounding thunder;
> They pass, give not a salvo,
> And in their rainy wash
> We hear the horizons crash
> With monitors of woe.

Despite certain awkwardnesses in expression, few can deny beauty to these verses. Unfortunately, the remaining two-thirds of the volume give less of the authentic Day Lewis and much more of Day Lewis *cum* Auden. It is not so much the private symbolism (kestrel = imagination; airman = poet; railhead = advance of the spirit; magnetic mountain = the coöperative commonwealth) that ends by irritating us, but the perpetual glowering and grumbling at those unfortunate creatures, the bourgeoisie, that becomes horribly tiresome:—

> Make no mistake, this is where you get off,
> Sue with her suckling, Cyril with his cough,
> Bert with a blazer and a safety razer,
> Old John Braddleum and Terence the toff.

The last sections of the "Magnetic Mountain" are in particular, a strange mishmash of abjurations, occasional lovely lyrics, and violent summons to a new order of the spirit. It is not difficult to see behind the Anglo-Saxon alliterations of certain of his verses, much of the "world-reforming" passion of a poet like Shelley. But where Shelley—with greater technical resources—failed, can this be said to succeed?

The Adventures of Modern England

(*Continued from first page*)

writers put them all together again in that singular contrivance of taste, sensibility, science, and scholarship—that esthetic balance of probabilities—which we call history.

But Mr. Somervell has no brief, it seems, and no anxieties—not even for his royalty statements: and time, which does not like to be anticipated in its workings, has taken its revenge upon him. He has produced a really remarkable assemblage of interesting facts, preserving towards one another an accurate but hardly consanguine relationship of chronological sequence. His book is a triumph of condensation and does him infinite credit; but if you are looking for drama, color, speculation, interpretation, prejudice—in a word, for *life*, you will not find a great deal of it here.

The book naturally divides itself into three periods: 1910-1914, or the true Georgian period; 1914-1918; and 1918 until today. In the first two periods, Mr. Somervell's impartiality has done him considerable disservice. The Georgian period he treats as, at best, an inconvenient prelude to war—instead of a time when, with fatal and concentrated fury, English democracy displayed all the symptoms of acute nervous breakdown. The second, or war, period is a record of campaigns, deliberations, casualties, with some comment on the peculiar blunders of generalissimos. But the tale of intrigue and selfishness and greed is not here; Mr. Somervell has impartially conjured from battlefield and cabinet both the ghost of Courage, and also the more potent ghosts of Corruption and Fear. But it is almost with a feeling of horror that one realizes how, not twenty years after the armistice, these loathsome years can actually be confined to the undramatic limits of five lightless chapters.

The post-war period, under Mr. Somervell's hand, is far and away the most interesting part of the book: these are the times we have all lived through in a daily sense; we have followed them in the newspapers, we have lost our tempers over them, we have worried over them, we have put our hands in our pockets and paid for them; and, for the most part, we retain from them nothing but a profound and complicated ignorance. But the reviewer of this book may well throw up his hands; he cannot repeat its theme: there is no single theory here for him to pursue. Only an accurate procession of English governments, imperial agreements, international treaties, inexorably treading upon one another's heels until they reach the present day and pause in mid-step, like an interrupted news reel. None the less this procession, because it is careful and accurate, has its special interest for the reader; and, out of its welter of discussed and discarded issues and crises, one might suggest three points in which the reader may find himself particularly interested.

First, he can hardly follow Mr. Somervell's pages without experiencing an utter and desolating disillusion. Here, in spite of the utmost attention to the principle of *honi soit qui mal y pense*, Mr. Somervell has laid bare the utter inability of English statesmen and politicians to help their country out of war and into peace: and England has, in many ways, made a far more decent post-war showing than any other country in the world.

The second point of interest is the survival of liberal democracy in England. The Liberal Party, I believe, was moribund before August 1914: it never recovered from England's nervous breakdown, in which, indeed, it seems to have played the part of principal neurosis. But liberalism cannot die in any country which submits to the governance of representative institutions; and the purer the institutions, the stronger the liberalism. Mr. Somervell's pages show how the Conservatives have drifted to the Left, inevitably; and how the Laborites have drifted to the Right, inevitably: until you have the interesting spectacle of the leaders of these two parties meeting and mingling in the centre, while the backbenchers on either side cling to their coat-tails in a vain but vigorous endeavor to hold them back. The Nationalist Government has put an end to this, and we shall have to wait until the next election to see whether there will emerge a Die-hard Right and a Socialist Left, or whether the radicalism of Disraeli and the opportunism of Arthur Henderson are still sufficiently ingrained in either party to start the whole process over again.

The third point of interest is the apparent inability of England to steer clear of France. I offer this simply as an ignorant conjecture of my own, though it seems to be implicit in Mr. Somervell's book. Sometimes, when Mr. Macdonald's idealistic but not unskilful hand was at the helm, England might escape from its inconvenient ally: but how often was Mr. Macdonald's hand alone at the helm? Otherwise, Foreign Secretaries could wriggle as they pleased; they could meditate offering to Germany such pitiful olive-twigs as Germany surely deserved: but, sooner or later, that precise and polite and relentless and terrified Gallic mind would have its way, and England would withdraw. This much, perhaps, can be derived from Mr. Somervell's book. France, England's natural enemy and strategic friend, has driven England against Germany, who might have been —not a friend, its Ruhr forbade that—but not an immediate foe. It was not to be: when Sir Austen Chamberlain said, "I love France as a man loves a woman," he spoke for a whole policy; and the fruit of this romantic attachment has been Adolf Hitler. Even a year ago, when England knew that Germany was secretly arming, it could not bring itself to make a friendly warning. What would France say? And when at last it began to move, Herr Hitler had already decided to tear up the Versailles Treaty; and England moved, as England has so often moved before, "surely, firmly, completely, in the best English manner, and too late." It need only be said that this quotation was taken—not, alas, from the pages of Mr. Somervell—but from the meditations of the late Lytton Strachey.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Dangerfield, who is literary editor of Vanity Fair, *is himself at work upon a history of the reign of Edward VII.*

After This, Sea

By JOSEPHINE MILES

THIS is as far as the land goes, after this it is sea.
This is where my father stopped, being no sailor;
Being no Beowulf nor orient spice hungry,
Here he let horizons come quietly to rest.

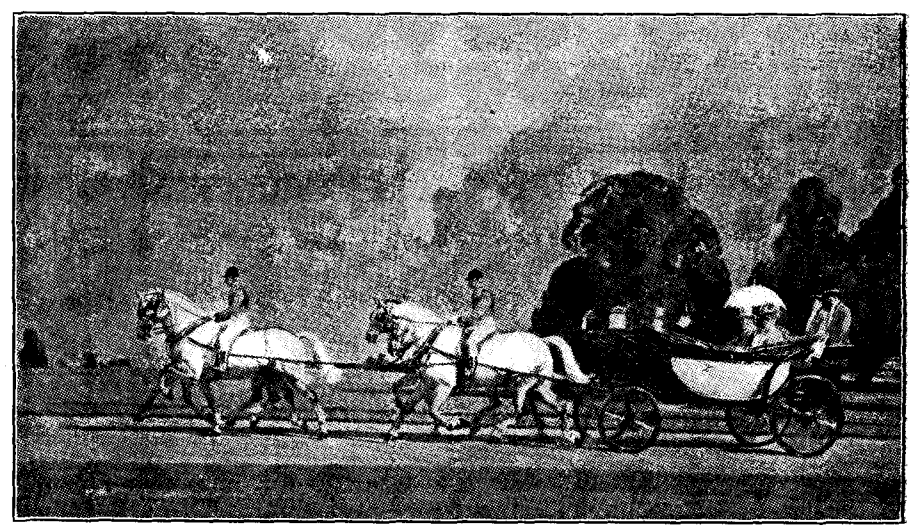
What he fled was past and over,
Raftered roof and quilted cover,
The known street and the known face,
The stale place.

This is as far as the land goes; here we are at bay
Facing back on the known street and roof, all flight
Spent before our birth in building the new towns,
Letting these last horizons come quietly to rest.

We have a special pressing need,
We of this outer border breed,
To climb these hills we cannot flee,
To swim in this sea.

This is as far as the land goes; here the coast ranges
Hard and brown stand down to hold the ocean.
Here the winds are named for saints, and blow on leaves
Small, young, yellow, few, but bound to be ancestral.

Nowhere are so still as here
Four horizons, or so clear.
Whatever we make here, whatever find
We cannot leave behind.



THEIR MAJESTIES' RETURN FROM ASCOT
Painting by A. J. Munnings, R.A., from "Thirty Years of British Art."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Gag and Regag

In a government never free for an hour from the pressure of organized minorities, the various "gag" laws now being proposed in Congress might have, if enacted, results that, to put it mildly, would be surprising. Organized minorities are behind the attempt to clamp down on books with "dangerous" ideas in them and to restrict publication where publication is unfavorable to a minority interest involved. Have these groups sufficiently reflected that it is the principle of freedom of expression that makes the existence of minorities possible at all?

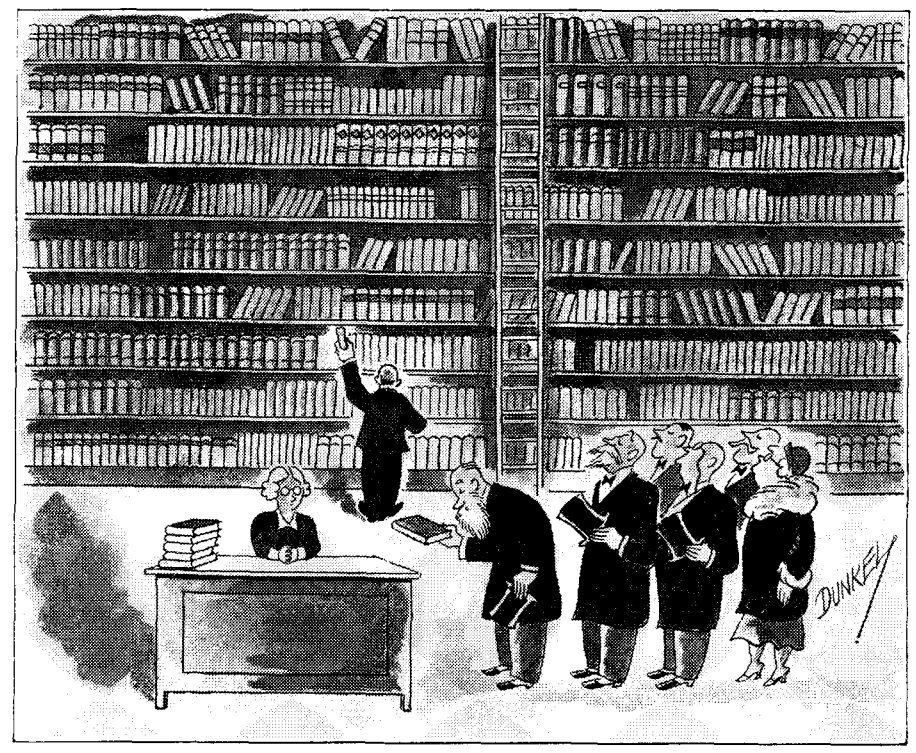
Let us suppose that the patriots of past wars and the devoted daughters of past revolutions succeed in screwing down the lid on the present free discussion of the nature and ills of capitalism, or of the causes and possible cure of war. It is not impossible, and to many frightened people it may seem desirable. But if they succeed in bottling up this controversy, what of other subjects of which books treat and which are highly objectionable to other organized groups? The throttling process once begun will be impossible to stop. Even the progress of inflation is no more rapid. There is already a group which would stop all reference to war, and another which only yesterday was endeavoring to suppress all mention of drinking. The anti-atheists are powerful in Massachusetts, the old-age pensioners (who are bound sooner or later to conflict with the veterans) are on the rampage in the West, there are a thousand organizations, groups, individuals, who would like to suppress *something*. This includes ourselves, who if we thought it wise, as we don't, would be willing to help suppress a half dozen varieties of book, magazine, and newspaper publishing that we do not like.

The very simple point of this plea is, let those who wish to gag today, remember that their enemies may wish, and be able, to gag tomorrow. The number of topics that could be forbidden the novelist, dramatist, or journalist is appalling. Just now the emphasis is upon Marxism, pacifism, and sex; in ten years (who knows?) it may fall upon capitalism, preparedness, and bourgeois morality. A precedent of hushing up arbitrarily what *you* don't like, is a boomerang which sooner or later will thwack you from an unexpected direction.

In one of the best novels written for years about the South, Berry Fleming's just published "Siesta," the author recurs constantly to the subtle and pervasive effects of temperature upon character, upon behavior, upon happiness. "Gag" laws raise the political temperature; they concentrate heat which is being dissipated by free discussion, they make an atmosphere in which thunderstorms become probable, and the lightning strikes the self-convinced just and the alleged unjust with terrible impartiality.

And finally, let it be remembered that the most disastrous defeat and dissipation of a powerful political party followed upon another set of "gag" laws directed, as now, against aliens and "sedition," and enacted in those years shortly after our Revolution when, according to Professor Farrand, our population was as racially scrambled as it is today. The sons of the Revolution were most of them then on the negative side. They remembered the painful necessity of legal guaranties for freedom of thought.

A poll recently conducted in forty-five colleges disclosed the fact that the most popular book among the students is Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga." Other books in the first ten were Hardy's "The Return of the Native," Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," and Hudson's "Green Mansions."



"IN APPRECIATION OF YOUR THIRTY YEARS' SERVICE, WE WANT YOU TO ACCEPT THIS LITTLE TOKEN."

Letters to the Editor: *"Social Moralists and Science"; A Note on Crothers's Essays*

Sumner's Economics

SIR:—Having sat under Sumner in the Yale class of '99, I am perhaps a prejudiced and certainly a dated reader of Mr. John Chamberlain's article "Social Moralists and Science" in *The Saturday Review* of March 16th.

Your reviewer's behaviorist economics perplex me. It seems to boil down to this, that because men and States behave badly Sumner was a poor economist for explaining what would be good behavior economically speaking. Is it the function of the economist merely to narrate the fact that men have tariffs, embargoes, quotas, and currency wars, and that's that?

Mr. Chamberlain says that Sumner forgets the uncomfortable phenomenon of man as nationalist. On the contrary, Sumner spent a lifetime not forgetting it, but remembering it, and teaching against it.

Your reviewer has fallen into the rather simple-minded error of confusing the function of the economic historian and that of the political economist. The one narrates what has happened, the other deduces and expounds the principles to be derived from those happenings for future guidance of men.

Surely the present plight of the world is demonstration of the fundamental soundness of Sumner's teachings. The fact that politicians have ignored his teaching about free trade, and engaged in economic war after the war in arms, in large measure explains the disaster in which the world finds itself.

Similarly tariffs, embargoes, and quotas may have been invented to protect currencies from depreciation; but they have notoriously failed to do it and have only aggravated the evil which they sought to guard against. Sumner was right about the economic law, and man as nationalist, by defying the economic law, has aggravated his plight.

Your reviewer believes that Sumner was an anti-imperialist and that this was inconsistent with his being a free trader. That argument is hard for me to follow. Every free trader should be an anti-imperialist. It is the essence of imperialism to acquire trade advantages by force of arms. It is the essence of free trade to permit the free movement of goods and services between independent States.

Sumner was eternally preaching the folly of trying to make men better off by government meddling, by government largess. We have in every country on earth today the demonstration of the futility of such meddling and of the fact that interference of the State on behalf of the multitude only reduces the general level of welfare of the multitude.

On every count it appears to me that Sumner's economics has been justified by the history of the last destructive twenty years. We don't abolish the ten commandments on making the amazing discovery that many men sin against them; nor do we abolish economic law or invalidate it by finding out that men and States have disobeyed it with such disastrous consequences.

RUSSELL C. LEFFINGWELL.
New York City.

Mr. Chamberlain Replies

SIR:—"We don't abolish the ten commandments on making the amazing discovery that many men sin against them. . . ."

Well, no, we don't abolish the fact that Moses bequeathed us the ten commandments, any more than we abolish the fact that Adam Smith left us the "Wealth of Nations." But does an anthropologist, or a student of society, seeking for a scientific "statement of uniformities" as to the family behavior of man, limit himself to reiterating "Honor thy father and thy mother . . ."? On the contrary, he will note that the validity of this commandment depends entirely on the assumptions men make about the desirability of paternal authority. He will note that in the China of Confucius ancestors are greatly honored, but that in Soviet Russia a member of the Young Pioneers may not speak to his kulak father. Mr. Leffingwell has ignored the purport of my article, which was to bring out the fact that an underlying assumption always governs the validity of an economic principle. He assumes, evidently, that cheapness is desirable, and is a Free Trader therefore. I also assume that cheapness is desirable (I don't own a business, and I don't work for a business that is threatened by foreign competition, so I can't say that it is morally noble of me to make this assumption). But I grant that the opposite assumption is equally tenable, if you happen to want security for the immediate future.

If large aggregates of men behave in a certain way in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it must be true that there are certain urges that compel them to that behavior. If the history of the nineteenth century is the history of certain aggregates reacting against the free trade policy of England, then it establishes a presumption in my mind that there must be certain urges compelling this reaction. It follows, therefore, that a good political economist must attempt to use the material of this history as inductive basis for a scientific "statement of uniformities" covering the economic behavior of the human race under certain conditions of political development. The Marxians, without absolute success, have tried to make such a "statement of uniformities"; Trotsky's "law of uneven and combined development" is part of it. Unfortunately, the Marxians have lugged in their own moral assumption (the presumptive "ought" that is hidden in the labor theory of value, which is to Marxian economics what Sumner's sanctification of cheapness is to classical free trade economics).

I am perfectly willing to agree with Mr. Leffingwell that tariffs, embargoes, etc., have failed to protect currencies from depreciation, and have only aggravated the disease. But it seems equally obvious to me that the men in charge of governments have, in many cases (the Smoot-Hawley case is not one), had no choice in the matter. A soporific may be bad for the nervous system, but it has to be used sometimes lest the sleepless patient jump out the window with the jitters. And if a "late capitalism" can be described as a progressively growing case of the jitters, then statesmanship turns to the prevention of suicide today even if it hastens death tomorrow. I am not sure the Marxians are right about their definition of "late capitalism," but the capitalist statesmen of the world are doing their best to make me certain. If these statesmen can justify Sumner by putting his precepts into practice, and if the world recovers thereby, I will rub my eyes with delighted amazement and swallow ten bales of *The Saturday Review of Literature* containing my article.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
New York City.

A Born Essayist

SIR:—In view of the discussion of the essay in recent issues of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, it is appropriate to recall "a born essayist" of the line of Montaigne and Lamb, one who in the best of his essays produced a delectable "blend" of a charming personality, mellow, "leisured" wisdom, and kindly, sanatory humor. Such an essayist was the late Samuel McChord Crothers: genial and easy, suave and witty, sane and tolerant.

Yet, though kindly and gentle, reverent and religious, Crothers was an independent thinker, jealous of his freedom of thought. Widely and well read, he was by no means bookish, but possessed the power of forming sound judgments of his own. These judgments on literature and science, morality and religion, education and government, he incorporated into ten volumes of essays with felicitous titles. Perhaps the best of these volumes are "The Gentle Reader" (1903), "The Understanding Heart" (1903), and "The Cheerful Giver" (1923).

Crothers's writing is usually easy and graceful; but now and then it becomes forthright and earnest. His humor is keen but kindly. Felicitous quotations and allusions abound. Though at times his analogies are somewhat labored and forced, on the whole he writes with a simple grace that mirrors the limpidity of his mind and the serenity of his spirit.

A generation or more ago a distinguished student of American literature called Crothers perhaps the best of our essayists of that day; and even now, amid the prevailing storm and stress, there are still many gentle readers with understanding hearts who turn with relish and profit to his mellow, reassuring wisdom.

GILBERT P. VOIGT.
Wittenberg College,
Springfield, Ohio.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

TIME OUT OF MIND. By RACHEL FIELD. *Macmillan.* A tale of family complications against a Maine background.

CLAUDIUS THE GOD. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Smith & Haas.* The second volume of the novelized autobiography of the Roman Emperor.

HINDENBURG. By EMIL LUDWIG. *Winston.* A lively biographical study.

This Less Recent Book:

GREEN HELL. By JULIAN DUGUID. Appleton-Century. High adventure in South America.

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A Ghost-Ridden Artist

GERALD: A PORTRAIT. By Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT was in London in the spring of 1910—now a quarter of a century ago—that I first met Gerald du Maurier. At that time his second daughter, Daphne, could scarcely have been more than two or three years old. I did not meet her then. I should like to meet her now.

In that season, Gerald du Maurier was appearing in an importation from America, entitled "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which had been dramatized by Paul Armstrong from a short story by O. Henry. One episode of this play was set in an office of a bank in Springfield, Illinois; and, during the course of this scene, the leading actor signed several papers with a quill pen. After witnessing his performances with unqualified appreciation, I reminded du Maurier, in his dressing-room, that quill pens had been obsolete in the United States since the somewhat distant days of George Washington, and advised him to buy a fountain-pen for service as a "prop" in the subsequent performances.

Du Maurier accepted this suggestion with good grace; and as he smiled, I became conscious of his overmastering charm. He was not, by any commonly accepted standards, a good-looking man. His profile was irregular and by no means classical. His full face was disappointing because of his somewhat twisted and retroverted nose. His physical proportions were not at all impressive. And yet it was a fact that, in the theatre, the feminine public preferred him without question to any of the handsome young men who, in that period, were labelled as "matinee idols."

As a visiting American, I mused upon

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

this mystery and wondered if there might be some validity to the British legend of ancestral aristocracy. I do not wonder any more: for Daphne du Maurier has proved, in the third generation, that there is such a thing as family. Her intimate portrait of her father is not a "theatrical" biography of the customary type. It is scarcely a biography at all. Instead, it is a document far richer in its human content than the average novel that is acclaimed by the plaudits of popular appreciation. For Daphne du Maurier can write:—make no mistake about that! If her grandfather—who was known to his intimates by the nickname of "Kicky"—had survived to read this book, he would have tossed back his great head in noble laughter and would have shouted,—"Gloire à toi, ma petite petite!"

There must be something to this fetish of a family, after all. First came old "Kicky," who was one of the greatest draughtsmen of his time, and who, very late in life, wrote two imperishable novels, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby." His elder son, Major Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., wrote one of the most significant plays of his period, "An Englishman's Home," before he was killed in action in the Great War which he had prophesied. And "Kicky's" younger son, Gerald, who had taken up the art of acting because it seemed less burdensome to him than any other occupation, was ultimately knighted, and ended his career as one of the foremost actors of the English-speaking stage.

Sir Gerald's daughter, Daphne—who has been recognized already as the author of three novels—has now written a book about that spoiled child who was her father which must be accepted as a veritable work of art. She understands his weaknesses as well as she appreciates his ingratiating qualities; and her judgment is utterly unprejudiced. She is wise beyond her generation in her appreciation of that graciousness which has been lost beyond recovery amid the many tortures of these current times. She has written a beautiful book,—simple, tender, touching, and true.

The Upper Crust

IN THEIR OWN IMAGE. By Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IF I am not mistaken, somebody else pointed out before that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. It is still true and perhaps even interestingly true to consider that the country about Augusta, Georgia, which Erskine Caldwell peopled with his poor whites, is the same country in which Hamilton Basso writes of his poor rich. For not only is Augusta the city of folk who live on Ty Ty Walden's pitted farm, but also of the folk who bring their polo ponies to their palaces in Aiken. Furthermore, if we may credit Mr. Basso's words in contempt for those who are at the very top of the American social order, Mr. Erskine's Ty Ty and Darling Jill are not characters restricted to the American lower depths. There is little to choose between them and Mr. Basso's Benita Sturme and Lane Officer.

The analogy between the two books will go further than their pages. Just as there were plenty of good Southern folk who resented both Mr. Caldwell's realistic picture of men and women caught in Southern poverty, stupidity, and lack of morals and his refusal to be solemn about it, there will be others who will resent Mr. Basso's perhaps too solemn, often sentimental, condemnation of the stupidly superior rich in nearby Aiken.

There is nothing new about Mr. Basso's indignation. Back into antiquity those whose riches permitted them to grow fat, not only in body but in head, have been the target of writers and philosophers and reformers. Probably there never has been a time when there were not well-fed parasites and young men to damn them. Mr. Basso's current and well-written indignation has special point only because of the spectacle of fat, stupid living in the midst of the depression in Aiken beside the underpaid and undernourished life in the mill village of Berrytown ten miles away.

But whether or not Mr. Basso has brought to literature anything fresh or new, he has written an interesting tale of an American family flung up by quick riches, made out of a good mayonnaise and a better advertising campaign, to a point where they are able to climb into Society. But only by the help of old hard-headed and crooked-necked Pierson James, the advertising man who shouted the family mayonnaise on to millions, are they able to escape and then only after death and scandal.

Mr. Basso has in this new novel left the rich old South of his biography of Beauregard and the new South changing with pain of his "Cinnamon Seed" but, despite his desertion, it is his occasional recurrence to the traditions of the South and discussions of it that give this book such distinction as it possesses. If he proves that the parasites at the financial top of our social order are sickening fools, it is but cumulative evidence of a long proved fact. And he does not serve that proof by failing to present any figures of intelligence or worth among the rich, save perhaps John Pine, who being a painter and an artist, succeeded, as he says himself, in escaping. There is some excellent writing in the book, some interesting discussion of this American variety of the ancient paarsite, but as a whole the book does not add substantially to the world's total of either indignation or art.

Journey in Search of a Civilization

PROVENCE. By Ford Madox Ford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1935. $3.

FORD MADOX FORD has written a travel book that is much less concerned with geography than with civilization—and with civilization in the personal, not the archeological, sense. He gives us the record of a journey in search of an intellectual climate where a civilized modern man can feel at home, and he has found it in Provence. Perhaps he prefers thirteenth century Provence, with the great trade route and the Courts of Love, to anywhere else; but still modern Provence is pretty good. Geography does get into this travel book where there is a

FORD MADOX FORD
On the porch of his house in Provence.

chance for a good description; and history where it is interesting, as most of Provençal history is, from the Albigenses to "Tartarin of Tarascon." He talks about the influence of cafés on art, about the influence of bull-fighting on politics, about everything that comes into his head, and he is always delightful.

By no means all the book is about Provence; it is a book of digressions, like "A Sentimental Journey," and Mr. Ford is almost as subjective as Sterne. When the occasion arises to talk about cooking, or London fogs, or Pre-Raphaelites, as it often does, Mr. Ford talks of them with gusto and relish. But his center of gravity is in Provence.

Mr. Ford's book is guaranteed to make every Francophile homesick; and it ought to make a Francophile of everybody who reads it.

A Puzzled American

PUZZLED AMERICA. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, who has written all sorts of books, all of them about America and himself, and he is a very American fellow, is just the writer to write about the American people today, in the fifth year of the depression, which is still a puzzle to them and is but part of the greater puzzle that is life in America. Mr. Anderson, this American from the Middle West, has been going about the country and among the people, mostly the so-called plain people, and has been writing pieces about this puzzle in the magazine *Today*, which is edited by Professor Raymond Moley, who is also somewhat of a puzzle. He has been writing pieces, long and short but mostly short—too short—about the CCC boys, the miners in the South, the mill people in the South, the run-down "first families" in Virginia, a young fellow by the name of Rush Holt whom the people of West Virginia elected United States Senator at the age of twenty-nine, the unemployed laborers, the rebelling farmers in the Northwest, the red-headed governor of Minnesota, and several other groups and individuals. And now he has put all those pieces into a book and called it "Puzzled America." It's a good title. It describes the book. But when I first glimpsed the dust-cover around the book, I read the title to be "Puzzled Sherwood Anderson."

Sherwood Anderson is a very much puzzled man. He has been puzzled about nearly everything ever since he forsook his paint factory, or whatever it was, in Ohio and took to writing. Maybe before that. I suppose he'll be puzzled for the rest of his days. And the chances are that he'll never contribute a whit toward the solution of the puzzle, unless describing the puzzle is a contribution.

In Memoriam:

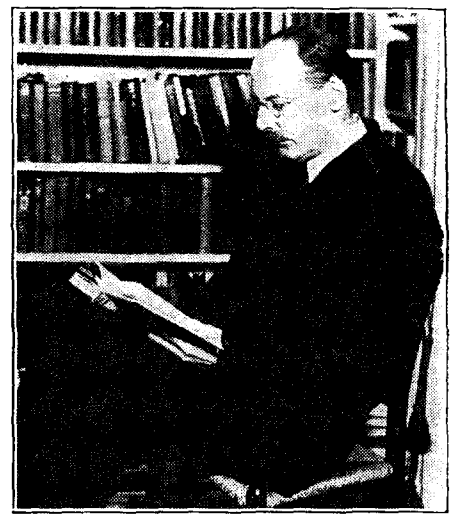
Edwin Arlington Robinson

By LOUIS V. LEDOUX

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, who died on the fifth of April, 1935, for the past few years has been almost universally acclaimed the foremost of America's living poets. Time, aided by the mature and unemotional judgment of his peers, will assign to Mr. Robinson his place; but in the few lines that can be written now while the presses wait one who has lost a friend would prefer to try to speak of the very human man who has gone rather than of the work that lives.

In this brief moment only the friend can be remembered; the gentleman of quiet humor, of subtle intuitions; the man who could be trusted to be loyal and who in all the give and take of life never failed in that kindliness of judgment which though it was in essence an expression of his own marked personality, yet was based on an intuitive and sympathetic understanding of all that is most pathetically human,—the possibilities of good in what seems evil, the thwarted hopes and unfulfilled aspirations of the people he knew or imagined. In nearly thirty years of intimacy the writer of these lines cannot recall an instance in which Robinson's attitude toward a fellow-mortal, or even a fellow-poet, was anything but kindly; and even the most unnecessary of us he looked on with the same whimsical and patient tolerance that radiated from him, years ago, when a certain irrepressible Airedale puppy persisted in untying his shoe laces. In those days he visited sometimes in October where there were children who adopted him as "Uncle E. A.," because he was the carver of magical Hallow-e'en pumpkins; for though his work was to him the one thing for which he lived, he never lost his ability to enter into the lives of others,—and that, whatever he may have been as a poet, was a mark of greatness in the man.

So far as he himself was concerned, his work was all in all; and those who knew this trait in him will be glad that a few hours before he lapsed into final unconsciousness he was able to hand his publisher the poem completed last autumn and recently read over during painless



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

hours in the sunlight of his hospital room. After that he talked briefly with three or four old friends and smoked a last cigarette with one of them whose final memory of "E. A." is of a man still smiling at something that had been said and who knew that his work had been conscientiously accomplished. It is a picture that should lessen the sorrow of many who held him dear and perhaps will help to make his personality more clear to that far greater circle of those who knew him and now can know him only in his work.

* *

Louis V. Ledoux, himself a poet, has been a friend of Edwin Arlington Robinson for many years.

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A Scientist's Story

THE SEARCH. By C. P. Snow. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the first novel by Doctor Snow that I have read. He has, it seems, appeared twice before in England with a mystery story and an imaginative tale of the future. But "The Search" is the straightaway story of a life and a life's work. The author, at the age of thirty, has made a distinguished reputation for himself in science. He is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and University demonstrator there in physical chemistry. It is not strange, therefore, that he has chosen, as the protagonist of his novel, a young man who adopts science as a career.

Dr. Snow's book is superior to the average modern novel in that it deals more with the intellect and less with the purely emotional and physical than most of them do. In fact it is hard now to find a modern novel not designed primarily for the excitement of the senses—all very well in its way, but monotonous. After all, H. G. Wells used to write novels that never forgot the senses and yet also exercised the intellect. Not that Dr. Snow is any Wells! The greater writer had always a style. Dr. Snow has little style, though he has praiseworthy clarity. He is inclined to get both too dry and too wordy. But such integrity of purpose is in his novel that one is inclined to forgive him even the pretty tedious portion—to a layman—dealing with the formation of the Biophysical Institute. I began to skip, in through there. In general, however, this story of a young scientist, the course of whose life and whose analytical mind finally forced him outside the periphery of pure science into the compromising chaos of human existence (and yet content, withal) holds the attention; and the human course of the man's love is interesting and convincing.

Arthur Miles's passion for science began early in life, much like a passion for poetry. He became a young man intensely ambitious to add some notable discoveries to those of the past. He was of a post-war world. He made friends with two particular men whose lives affected his thereafter; the undependable Sheriff, the pondering Hunt. He fell in love with Audrey Tennant, and should have married her, save that his career stood in the way. A revolution in scientific method suddenly balked his career as a crystallographer. The work of the future, in his field, seemed now obviously in the hands of the

C. P. SNOW

mathematicians, and Miles had had only the perfunctory mathematics of a physicist. So he accepted a readership at University College, London, where he worked comfortably and successfully, until another shock came to him, the realization that his friend, Constantine, had suddenly achieved the fame Miles had always desired. The subsequent formation of a Biophysical Institute involved Miles as the logical person for its director; but a most unfortunate bit of carelessness on his part, in a scientific experiment, put him out of the running. After this new shock he debated his future at some length. Finally he fell in love with a sympathetic woman of means, and left active scientific work. Later on there came a chance to help Sheriff, his friend, who had married Miles's first love and mistress, Audrey. In the course of helping Sheriff, Miles's detachment from pure science became final.

Most interesting is Miles's analysis of his own attitude toward science. What did it represent to him? Benefitting the world? No, that reason had never existed for him. Did science represent truth? Within its own field, yes; but the limits remained. He finally decided that science to him was simply a valid pleasure, with moments of ecstasy in youth.

This novel has both depth and breadth. It is also instinct with drama at the four or five turning-points that arise in Miles's life. The final situation, indeed, in regard to Sheriff, might be effectively made the final act of a play. The book is somewhat cluttered with disquisition, but the scientific matters are so outlined for the layman as to appear quite clear. Also, one feels a general lack of buncombe about this novel, where so much modern work is sensational. Furthermore, contemporary thought is in it, with prophecy of change. Dr. Snow is of a younger generation than mine, and his world is quite different from the scientific world of H. G. Wells. But his account of it should perform a similar service for younger people now trying to think things through.

Innocent Bystander

TALK UNITED STATES! By Robert Whitcomb. New York: Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IF a copy of this hard-bitten, picaresque chronicle were sealed in the cornerstone of a durable edifice it might conceivably emerge, two or ten centuries hence, as the most revealing fragment of Americana concerned with the muddle that is our time.

It would be valuable then, as it is valuable now, both for what it has to say and for the manner of the saying. "These United States!" is the story of the rise and fall of Matt Williams, bricklayer. Born in Hoboken, reared in Flatbush and the Bronx, he swings aboard the business cycle on an *Evening World* delivery wagon, devotes his *Wanderjahr* to beating his way to the Coast and shipping to South Africa, becomes a bricklayer in Chicago, marries, enlists in the army, returns to brick-slinging at $18.75 a day, tightens his belt when the pinch comes and sees his home stripped of its instalment gadgets, loses the home, puts wife and child in storage, hits the trail again, learns the ways of hobo jungles the country over, develops a contemptuous rage for the system that has beaten him down, and stands forth at the end as swashbuckling apostle not of a new deal but of a new deck for labor. Mr. Whitcomb's recital seems to me to lose some of its poignancy and appeal when it deliquesces from a moving machine-age Odyssey into a tract, but the shift affects only the last dozen pages (admittedly no mean segment of any book), and the desperate implacability of the narrative carries through.

All of this is set down in what to me has the ring of authentic United States—the patois of industrial America. Of its accuracy every reader is permitted to be his own judge; he will at least concede, I think, that no one has rendered our dominant post-war speech with such effortless consistency as Mr. Whitcomb.

Mr. Whitcomb's lapses are the more annoying by reason of their infrequency. "He got arrested more times than Al Capone, Ponzi, Lenin, and the Count of Monte Cristo all rolled into one" is the sequential patter of the pulp humorist, and although Matt Williams read the pulps he would never talk pulp. And I am confused by Mr. Whitcomb's internal italicization; it is moderately patronizing to Matt Williams: asparagrass, hisself, thunk, reely. The self-consciousness that here intrudes is the perquisite of Mr. Whitcomb, not of Matt Williams. Left to himself, Matt Williams exhibits such a convincing grasp of his medium that the reader forgets the medium. And he tells a good story. It is the saga of an innocent bystander.

Grim, Good Scotland

GREY GRANITE. By Lewis Grassic Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is the concluding volume of the trilogy in which the late Mr. Gibbon set himself to portray the life of Lowland Scotland through the present century, and its drift toward the cities. Of the earlier two it will be remembered that "Sunset Song" dealt with the country, and "Cloud Howe" with the villages; "Grey Granite" is laid in a city, Duncairn, of which we are told that is not Aberdeen nor Edinburgh nor any other, but one like them all. They are all haunting books, written in a Scottish dialect, and much of them in a kind of indirect discourse by some imaginary observer, that mesmerizes the reader, making him feel not so much that he is witnessing the story, but that he has witnessed and is remembering it. Though here one must enter a protest against the excessive use of the second person singular as a vehicle for the stream of consciousness. When, as happens here, "You" means the Chorus in one paragraph and Chris Colquohoun in the next, the result is a brief but annoying confusion. Nevertheless, the style as a whole is justified; after a year and more, these books are still haunting in the memory.

LOUIS PAUL

Winner of 1934 O. Henry Memorial story prize. "The Pumpkin Coach" is his first novel.

Yet they are dour books; at best their beauty is that of rocky hills under rainy skies; and they grow more and more dour as they go on. (It is worth noting that in "Grey Granite" two-thirds of the dialect words must be terms of abuse.) It is natural, for we are getting away from the country into the squalid city where men are "too unhappy to be kind." Except for Chris, the heroine of the first two books, her son Ewan, and one or two others, every one in Duncairn is either silly and shallow to the point where silliness becomes positively sinful, or else cruel with the causeless cruelty of schoolboys.

Their cruelty is almost too much for Ewan, the central figure of the story. At first he is the serious, straightforward little boy of "Cloud Howe" grown up to fulfil his promise. He is grave, intelligent, disciplined, he has work he enjoys, he understands and controls his own emotions; if he is narrow, unable to see anything in the past but its oppressions, that narrowness is part of his perfect efficiency, like the narrowness of a racing shell. One feels at first that he is one of those who are to inherit the earth. But the spite and foulness and cruelty of Duncairn are too much even for him; they change him from a reasoned socialist into an emotional communist. That is a solution for him, but it is no solution for Duncairn; for it is plain that he has embraced communism exactly as in another century he would have embraced Calvinism, as a consistent scheme of the universe which promises salvation for an indefinite future and employs all the energies at present. But let communism win in practice, as the Covenant won in practice, and the souls of Duncairn would find they needed another scheme of salvation.

And what of Chris, Ewan's mother, whom we have seen developing into a figure who has the rich serenity of a Demeter? Chris is—herself; *Medea superset;* and, for Medea, it is enough. There are such people, as the Woman of Andros knew, "a few mysterious exceptions who seem to be in possession of some secret from the gods"; and from their presence, in life or books, one can catch something of their calm. But in this last volume Chris is much in the background; she keeps to those heights she is used to seek, to look down tolerantly on mankind. There is something divine about her, but it is as unhelpful as the divinities of Lucretius. Yet, at least, for the close Chris takes us out of the filthy streets of Duncairn, to where we can hear, in the darkness, the sound of the lapwings going by. There is always the grim, good country of Scotland; that one remembers, and will remember, from these comfortless, resolute books.

Escape to Civilization

THE PUMPKIN COACH. By Louis Paul. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MR. PAUL has performed an entertaining tour de force; reversing one of the many formulæ for romantic fiction (the office-worker's dream of escape to an idyllic island in the South Seas), he has taken a South Sea Islander, Uan Koé, who from boyhood had dreamed of coming to the United States. This country had represented to him an escape from the boredom of life on his idyllic island. He was an educated boy; Father Francis had taught him English, French, the rudiments of history, science, poetry. He saved money from trading in copra and pink pearls, and he came.

To Uan—soon, out of consideration for the American tongue, he called himself John—and to his credit, the United States remained a vast, romantic dream, and this despite the many episodes he went through that might have disenchanted him. He obeyed the impulse to swim naked in the Pacific with a young lady (she had really suggested it herself), and was thrown in jail; the young lady's brother and three other thugs tracked him down and beat him up for having "made so much trouble for my sister." He had one adventure after another until finally he fell in love, worked as an orderly in a hospital, and ended up by exploiting what was practically his only talent aside from swimming—the ability to use his fists.

Throughout these many experiences that brought him from the West coast to the East as hobo, day-laborer, and bus-traveler, he retained his native charm, and this charm which Mr. Paul has adeptly cast about him and his adventures, will remain long in the most casual reader's memory. It makes the book, for there is little enough substance for the reader to get hold of, and while it is not possible legitimately to quarrel with an author for the attitude out of which he has created a piece of work, it is possible to regret that he could not, if only momentarily, delve beyond the surface of his fable. He has here woven a pleasant Cinderella legend that will amuse and frequently delight; but he has offered ample evidence that he is capable of more than entertainment, more than a bitter-sweet satire on the ambiguities of life in this country. He has an accurate ear for the American idiom, a keen eye for the American countryside; the long passages that involve John's relationship with "Hunk" Haley, the migratory laborer who took him under his wing and taught him to use his dukes, are instinct with a sure feeling for human character that is deeper than any fairy tale; he has an alert mind and a feeling for the places he has seen and the people he has known.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Reasons of My Own

I SPOKE of Stevenson's *Books Which Have Influenced Me;* it did not occur to me until later that you might have some trouble in finding it. It was written in 1887 for the *British Weekly,* and the editor whom Stevenson chaffs in the first paragraph was (I suppose) his Scottish contemporary William Robertson Nicoll. I don't remember in which of the regular trade volumes it is reprinted; Scribners', if they remember their R. L. S., can probably tell you. I was rather aghast to see the Scribner imprint on a recent book which spelled Lloyd Osbourne as *Osborne,* but I grant that the sheets were imported from England.

(Lloyd Osbourne, bless his heart, has been much in my mind lately, and I wish he would tell us how he fares. It would specially interest me to know whether he found Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, in the movie of *Treasure Island,* in accordance with his classic taste.)

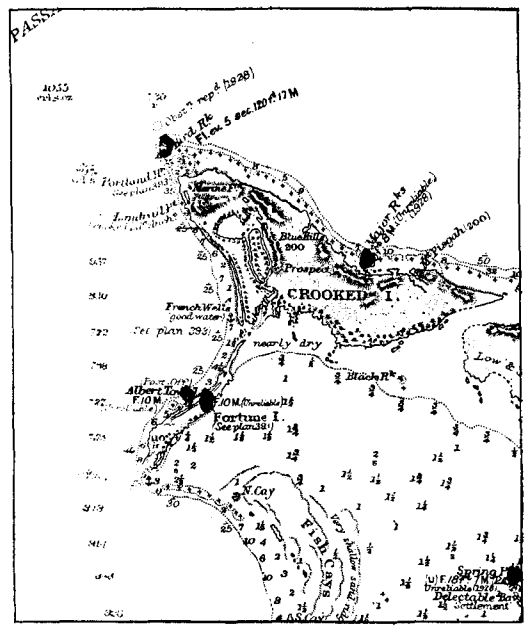
Perhaps the easiest place to run down that essay is in an excellent little book called *Learning to Write,* edited for Scribners' in 1920 by J. W. Rogers. Oddly enough it was not until then that anyone had the sensible idea of putting together in one convenient volume all Stevenson's brilliant and scattered comments (not only in the essays but in his letters, too) on the arts of composition. This, with C. E. Montague's *A Writer's Notes on His Trade,* is among the very few books about writing worth a student's frugal budget. In Mr. Rogers's book you will also find Stevenson's exciting analysis *On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature,* an essay which now celebrates its 50th anniversary; it was published in April 1885. It is specially odd in that Stevenson, after crabbing Macaulay for a "barbaric love of repeating the same sound," in the succeeding paragraphs falls — unconsciously, I assume—into the same trick. Take the final pages and note the extraordinary and wearisome repetition of the sounds P, B, D. But this lively essay, which will set you to examining the melodies of prose more closely than ever you did before, is by no means old at fifty. You will find in it some interesting arguments for disregarding the laborious mumblings of Gertrude Stein.

I think I mentioned *Books Which Have Influenced Me* largely for its fine tribute to Walt Whitman. Stevenson very justly says that no one can talk truth about the reading that has moved him without becoming warmly autobiographical; for which the *British Weekly* of 1887 (edited by a Scottish dominie) was not the place. After naming Shakespeare, Dumas, Bunyan, Montaigne, and the Gospel according to Matthew, he comes to *Leaves of Grass.* I wish his comment might still be printed upon the wrapper of that great library of living. "A book of singular service," he says; "a book which tumbled the world upside down for me, blew into space a thousand cobwebs of genteel and ethical illusion and, having thus shaken my tabernacle of lies, set me back again upon a strong foundation." He adds the shrewd proviso: "But it is only a book for those who have the gift of reading." How rare those are is very little guessed; least of all by the professional cheer-leaders. Stevenson comes back to this thought at the close of his testimony:

> For, after all, we are vessels of a very limited content. Not all men can read all books; it is only in a chosen few that any man will find his appointed food.

I have dallied a while on these now unfashionable essays of R. L. S. not only because almost any day he is likely to be rediscovered as the ideal companion for youth but also because it gave me pleasure to reread them in volume 4 of the great Vailima Edition. One remembers Max Beerbohm's vivacious protest at the idea of putting Stevenson, so informal and temperamental a writer, into the rigid tombstone uniformity of 26 tall grenadier volumes. As in all such interments, the slab remains, the spirit vanishes. They are uneasy to handle; the book is too gross for comfort; as soon as you begin to enjoy yourself, crack go the paper labels. But that set is dear to me just the same, for it was a generous gift from Frank Doubleday. It was published (in this country) by Scribner; but in memory of the fact that it was F. N. D., as a young man at Scribners', who first went about getting all Stevenson's books under one publisher, the printing of this final and all-inclusive edition was done at his Country Life Press on Long Island. So this adds other associations to that pleasant place when I drive by its grounds, and brings both Scotland and Samoa to the level parterres of Garden City.

And perhaps President Roosevelt is a Stevensonian, too. The thought occurred to me yesterday when I read his dispatch in the paper. On a fishing vacation in the Bahamas, he reported "Spent most of day exploring narrow river leading to lagoon on Crooked Island. Party caught several varieties of sunburn." You may remember that not long ago I suggested Crooked Island as a likely original for Treasure Island. With its neighbor Fortune Island it is not altogether unlike the shape on Billy Bones's map. As the newspapers have been a bit vague about its location I reproduce it here from an Admiralty chart; if you look carefully you can see the narrow river explored by the President and his sunburned buccaneers. I wish we might hear more details. Did they maroon any Republicans?



THE ORIGINAL OF "TREASURE ISLAND"?
(Recently Explored by President Roosevelt)

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Just as I am slipping that volume of the Vailima Edition back into its place I notice that one of its flyleaves was signed for me, under date "March 1922," by dear old Will H. Low, whose *Chronicle of Friendships* (1908) gives so charming a picture of R. L. S. in the student days at Barbizon and in the Forest of Fontainebleau. I must have carried it out to Bronxville with me on one of those happy visits to Mr. Low's studio where he delighted to recall memories of Louis. On my long shelvage of Stevenson miscellanies one of the pleasantest things is the little essay Will Low wrote for the old Bowling Green in the *Evening Post,* called *Stevenson and Margarita.* "Margarita" was a brand of tobacco, now vanished from the earth, to which R. L. S. was addicted; and Mr. Low's reminiscence was prompted by a ballade written by C. B. Gilbert with the refrain *What kind of tobacco did Stevenson smoke?* The ballade came in as a contribution in the mail: I withheld it from print until I had elicited Mr. Low's reply and could publish both question and answer together. Mr. Arthur N. Hosking afterward put them into a little privately printed book (Mayflower Press, New Rochelle, 1922), adding as frontispiece his own etching of Tusitala.

It was not my intention to spend this evening taking you along the Stevenson shelf, which would almost need a book of its own. I will add, however, that *Margarita's* neighbor is, appropriately, Stephen Chalmers's *Enchanted Cigarettes.* That was Balzac's phrase for artistic projects that never came to actuality; and Mr. Chalmers pleasantly sketches "the novels and tales of Robert Louis Stevenson which he never wrote, with the approximate time and place when and where he did not write them." This little book was published by Houghton Mifflin at a time when the whole world seemed thundering into the abyss, September 1917; it is interesting to note that publishers would even then take pains with a venture so tenuous and so innocent. I myself, today, not devoid of anxieties public and private, wondered whether I had better write grievance on large affairs; and concluded that harmless ploiter among the shelves could do no possible mischief. And even if our whole economy is bound for the pit I should like to be able to leave some record of what has given me so much pleasure.

Seeing that signature of Will H. Low's has given me a twinge: for I cannot lay hand on a first edition of *The Wrecker* in which I once got Mr. Low to autograph the Epilogue for me (which was dedicated to him). I think I can honestly say that I have never, since reaching maturity, been forward to ask for an autograph unless there were some very special sentiment involved. To ask a signature where there are private ligatures of association is piety and symbol; but the habit of requesting signatures of mere complaisance, wholesale and haphazard, involves an affront to delicacies that some people can never understand. To attempt to explain them would be more difficult than to comply. I remember with shame that once in my teens I wrote what I supposed was an amusing letter to Mark Twain, hoping to cajole an autograph out of him. I asked if he were descended from Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, an ancient hymn writer whom I found mentioned in my reading. I have often thought since of that childish impertinence, and honored him the more for ignoring it.

But I don't see my first of *The Wrecker;* haven't seen it, I suddenly realize, for a long while. But I well remember buying it from James F. Drake one time when I was feeling flush; and what a grand sensation that is, as well as I can recall. I have here another copy, one of the little Heinemann pocket editions which I asked Mr. S. S. McClure to sign for me one day when he was lunching at Garden City. Why ask him? Well, he was the germ of suggestion for the character of Jim Pinkerton in the story. That will give you a clue as to my feeling about autographs. I would much rather have a signature, con amore, from someone I actually know who has some connection (even if only in my mind) with the book, than a merely formal disinterested scrawl from the unknown author. I am happier in personal inscriptions from Lloyd Osbourne, written for me, than I could possibly be in the purchased handwriting of Tusitala himself. For the ultimately fastidious collector the *auto* in autograph needs to be double or reflexive—written by himself for myself. For that reason I don't gravely miss the book signed by Thomas Hardy which seems to have gone from my shelves. It was given me by a good friend, and I was proud to have it; but it was one of several which Hardy just casually signed for a passing caller, and had no close association for me.

What I really meant to show you this evening was an association copy of Jules Verne that reached me the other day; but I seem to have got sidetracked.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Myth into Man

(Continued from first page)

no one will any longer want to read a book on Hindenburg."

Hindenburg was, from first to last, a Junker, although on the maternal side he was, according to recent discoveries, of distinctly humble descent. Hence it was that near the end of his career, when his power had become absolute, he instinctively turned to Papen and Schleicher, just as in October, 1918 he vetoed the proposal to put army officers on the same rations as the rank and file. He was also a monarchist—but not to the end. During the war he once defied his king (on the question of peace terms with Russia), and in November, 1918 he sent the monarch packing into Holland. After he became president, he seems to have abandoned, all thought of a restoration because he had become king himself for all practical purposes, and according to Herr Ludwig, he was regarded at Haus Doorn as a greater traitor than Bülow. Certainly he made and unmade chancellors with an even greater ruthlessness than William II, and the remorseless analysis here offered of Hindenburg's conduct of his high office effectively destroys the popular notion of a selfless old man serving the state at great personal sacrifice. Rather he had developed highly absolutist tendencies, which were encouraged by Brüning, and was determined to hold on as long as possible.

Herr Ludwig has no difficulty in showing, what indeed has long been known, that Hindenburg's famous victory at Tannenberg was not his work at all but that of General Hoffmann and, to a lesser degree, of Ludendorff. But because of his official position, he could and did claim the credit, and because he was "the first and only German to gain the victory in the World War in open fight," he became a legend against which all other factors in the state, including the emperor, were powerless. His great asset was his tranquillity, which enabled him to restrain the impetuous Ludendorff—"nobody ever saw Hindenburg out of temper, and nobody ever saw Ludendorff laugh." The reality of the myth was proved after the revolution when he was most respectfully treated and obeyed by the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, although, as he afterwards admitted, he "had lost the greatest war in history."

The revolution of 1918 was, according to Herr Ludwig, very far short of being a revolution, the real question being "not which party had more courage, but which was the more frightened." The Republicans did not have the courage to eliminate either the old imperial bureaucracy or the Junker officers; with a "total lack of imagination," they did not seriously attack the fallen régime for losing the war. Herr Ludwig's analysis does not suggest that the republic would have survived if it had been more generously treated by the Allies. "Not a dog barked" (as Cromwell would have said) when Papen overthrew the Socialist Prussian government in 1932.

From the point of view of present-day Germany, the most illuminating pages of the book are those which describe, in considerable detail, the intrigues of the year 1932, from the moment when Hindenburg decided to sacrifice Brüning, although the latter had brought about his reëlection, to the appointment of Hitler. The old president's son Oscar, his secretary Meissner, Papen, and Schleicher, intriguing with and against each other, with and against Hitler, cut sorry figures, and Herr Hitler is entitled to a sardonic laugh at outplaying them all. For it was at Papen's suggestion that late in 1932 the industrial magnates came to the financial rescue of Hitler's receding forces and that Hindenburg, in January 1933, appointed the Austrian ex-corporal, chancellor, the "gentleman jockey" having imagined that he and the Herren Club could thus control the vast popular uprising which they both despised and feared. Fittingly enough, Herr Ludwig devoted only a few pages to Hindenburg after the establishment of the Third Reich, for he was as helpless in the hands of Hitler as William II had been in his own.

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Bernadotte E. Schmitt is professor of history at the University of Chicago.

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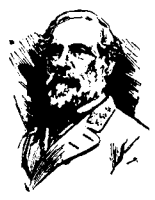

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—*Charles Willis Thompson in The New York Sun*

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The New Books

Biography

TRIGGERNOMOTRY. A Gallery of Gunfighters. By Eugene Cunningham. New York: The Press of the Pioneers. 1934. $3.75.

The late Eugene Manlove Rhodes, who wrote authentically, though in fiction, of the West, said of these biographical yarns of "the gunfighters of The West That Was," that when Cunningham does not—as he does for the most part—write from first-hand knowledge he depends on accounts of participants or eye-witnesses. And these stories "were gathered on the scenes of the events narrated." Mr. Cunningham is a Texas puncher turned author. The Western screen star, William S. Hart, says of his book what this reviewer firmly believes, that it is "a reference book on the real West." Most of the names of the gunfighters treated are classic: John Wesley Hardon, Billy the Kid, Dallas Stoudenmire, Wild Bill Hickok, Sam Bass, etc. The book is vigorously written and there is a last chapter embodying technical notes on "Leather Slapping as a Fine Art," which means, of course, the art of "the draw" (with illustrations), which is also valuable reference material. The book is stuffed with racy anecdotes of the Old West. It is, as a whole, a reliable footnote to a certain period of American history.

W. R. B.

Fiction

THE GRASS GROWS GREEN. By Hortense Lion. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. $2.

Miss Lion writes strongly and surely of a fine type of German immigrant to the United States, giving us a vivid and intimate sense of the early history of one part of New York's population. Her Germans belong to that type of which Carl Schurz was the outstanding example, liberal-minded and deeply serious in character, men and women who, in the year 1848 or so, turned from the growing military oppression of the old world to the hope of something freer in the new.

Hana Willmarck, whose fortunes make the story of the novel, leaves her home in a Bavarian valley when she is a young girl. She knows from bitter personal experience what a terrible curse war is, and has been, and will be to every woman in Europe, and she determines fiercely that she will make her life where there is peace, and no conscription. She is a strong, splendidly modeled character; we follow her with interest through all the pages of the book. She succeeds in life through her sober good sense, and strength, and essential fineness, and when the story closes she is ripe in years and surrounded by the children and grandchildren whom she has lifted, largely by her own efforts, far above her own humble beginnings. But through all the book sounds the theme of Hana's hatred of war; war, which even in the new world cannot be escaped; and the closing pages deepen into a sombre and impressive coda, as Hana, an old woman who must see her grandchildren go to war, relives,—and now more profoundly, more terribly,—the painful emotions of her youth.

Miss Lion recreates the past without the usual faint touch of irony that is reserved for the nineteenth century. She makes the past really alive to us because she herself has so perfectly visualized and understood it, and she writes with the effortless simplicity that belongs to those who have an intimate and intuitive knowledge of their subject.

C. C.

THE SON OF RICHARD CARDEN. By Neil Bell. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.50.

This is a character study arresting in method but falling short of artistic effectiveness. It is the author's scheme that his chosen character betray himself by autobiography into a tragically unintentional display of egotism and self-interest. This scheme is at once effective and deleterious. The long narrative is strong and vivid and sustains its interest to the end, but its ironic purpose makes the sordid details seem unduly exaggerated, the characters frequently grotesque, and the plot out of focus.

Irony is implicit in the title of the book, for it is not the life story of the "son of Richard Carden," as the opening pages lead one to expect, that absorbs these three hundred odd pages, but that of Richard Carden himself. Carden realized that the one real beauty in his futile and degenerate life was his idolizing love for his brilliant son, Alister. The tragedy was that when he set out to write about his son, he could only write about himself. The reader waits in vain for a positive intuition of the character of Alister. Of course, it can be said that this negativeness is the main point of the book, but that makes it none the less irritating. One is inclined to feel that the author has made too great a sacrifice to his original technique in story-telling, that he should have capitulated to the artistic possibilities in the contrast of father and son, hackneyed though these may be. His irony, like an ill-trained hound, has destroyed the very prize its master sought.

D. P.

SAILOR TOWN. By Paul Hervey Fox. Little, Brown. 1935. $2.

This intensely readable story of a sailor's thirty-six hours of debauch in a South American town, and the one remarkable woman he meets, can be recommended for its sharp pattern, and the quality of its writing which, for all its sordidness, holds a certain glamour. It is a fully rounded portrait, incidentally, of a sailorman, with the flaring of good and bad impulses equally distributed. Maria Guzman, the woman he meets, is a character who should live in fiction, a creature of earth, powerful in her slow seasons of mood as the earth itself. Above all, this book is a good job of writing, concentrating upon the essential, drawing its scenes with sure and graphic strokes, intimating horror without indulging in the weakness for a mass of detail that would dull its edge. The men from the ship are real, and even when their heyday of delight approaches a phantasmagoria in a lupanar, they remain real—stupid, bewildered, and somehow, on the whole, well-intentioned, in sharp contrast to Mr. Colomba, the ship chandler's agent, who panders for them.

Sweeney finally develops the best intentions toward Maria, but he is ingrainedly a wanderer, and the amount of liquor he has put under his belt, first and last, has not strengthened his will or char-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE WILL AND THE DEED *Dorothy Ogburn* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Gloomy mansion up the Hudson, a scream. Detective Morrison, nice fellow, at a loss: did Ollie fall or was she pushed?	Hypnotism, snowstorm, arsenic, music, scientific laboratory, a whole houseful of jitters. Story intricate, leisurely, requires attention.	Intelligent
THE MYSTERY OF KHUFU'S TOMB *Talbot Mundy* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Jimgrim, his pals in adventure and California lassie seek and find a fortune in Egypt.	It was good when your Judge first read it in a magazine 13 years ago and it still thrills.	Good Adventure
MURDER AT MARSTON MOOR *Robin Forsythe* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Rich young waster shot dead. A. Vereker and Insp. Heather pool findings with excellent result.	Routine yarn with pleasant British background and an ending that fools both reader and sleuths.	Average
THEY CALLED HIM DEATH *David Hume* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Master criminal runs afoul of ex-yard man and his brawny son after several killings.	Raw, red meat for those as like their action swift, criminals deadly and heroes superhuman.	Bingo!

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acter. His final effort at an understanding with her, after the pitch of violence has been attained, is truly tragic—for one anticipates his desertion of a resolve that only in the unreal exaltation of intoxication can he sustain.

There is tenderness in this book as well as brutality. And it is not only honestly written, but written with dexterity; not only with knowledge of, but sympathy with the primitive people it presents. One reader, at least, found it thoroughly satisfying. Sweeney, the third mate, must stand for many and many a well-intentioned mariner who sails the seas today.

W. R. B.

NOW WE SET OUT. By Susan Ertz. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.50.

Lita Glendenning, a nice girl with the most decorous of technical pasts, met and fell instantly in love with Stephen Perryn, who is not unfairly described by the blurb writer as a terrible-tempered Mr. Bang. Stephen fell just as hard in love with her, they were married after a series of quarrels, this and that befell them including some more quarrels, and we are left with the amorous and hostile pair reunited in a felicity and understanding which they hope may endure (but the author, and the reader, know better).

Miss Ertz writes with her usual skill and suavity, but one would think that so practised a writer would have avoided an offense against a primary canon of the story-teller's trade. The reader dislikes Stephen intensely almost from the start, and dislikes him almost as intensely at the finish. You may understand him, you may sympathize with him, and still you want to kick him. Fair enough, if this is a picture of life; but though it is plausible and realistic, it is primarily a story that the author is telling. When you are telling a story you usually want to gain the reader's sympathy, in the end, for your leading character; and it is pretty hard to do that when he has behaved detestably for two or three hundred pages.

E. D.

Miscellaneous

I WISH I'D SAID THAT. By Jack Goodman and Albert Rice. Simon & Schuster. 1935. $1.25.

A good deal of this small brochure appeared as an article on humor in *The Saturday Evening Post.* It isn't warranted, exactly, to make you brilliant at retorts, but it gives some excellent examples of repartee, both classical and modern. Howard Dietz has written an introduction for it, and you will find in it a lot of good things by George Kaufman, Groucho Marx, and many other contemporaries. From the past are drawn some excellent examples by Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith, Douglas Jerrold, *et al.* We like best perhaps those retorts that come into the chapter called "The Velvet Glove," a kind of wit that has seemed to us usually the most effective. But the last chapter on "Nonsense!" is most appealing also. Of all the stories told more at length, J. P. McEvoy's retelling of Ed Wynn's story about the magician and the parrot pleases us most. We don't know ourself why we always read a book of this kind so gravely, perhaps because when matter for laughter is presented to us in the form of a guide book it seems to kill off our powers of cachination. And then a good many of these "nifties" seem to have come our way before. But if you want amusement for a half hour or so you can't go far wrong in sitting down with this little book.

W. R. B.

Brief Mention

We note an interesting and beautiful book privately printed by George Willard Benson, Buffalo, New York, called *The Cross: Its History and Symbolism.* The book is a series of brief chapters on the history, legends, and the numerous forms of the cross, illustrated by pictures of crosses from the author's remarkable collection. * * * Another illustrated volume is *The Costume Book* by Mrs. Nesfield Cookson (McBride, $2). The book runs from the Middle Ages through 1800. * * * Upton Sinclair's *I, Candidate for Governor: How I Got Licked,* has been syndicated in a number of papers. It is an interesting day-by-day story of how the "interests" fought the EPIC Party (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.50). * * * A. A. Roback's *Curiosities of Yiddish Literature* (Sci-Art Publishers, Cambridge, Mass. $2.15) is a defence of Yiddish as a language and a literature. * * * The revival in Germany of the forged "Protocols of Zion" has called forth a complete exposure by Herman Bernstein called *The Truth About the Protocols of Zion* (Covici, Friede, $3). * * * It seems necessary to expose this old fraud

(*Continued on next page*)

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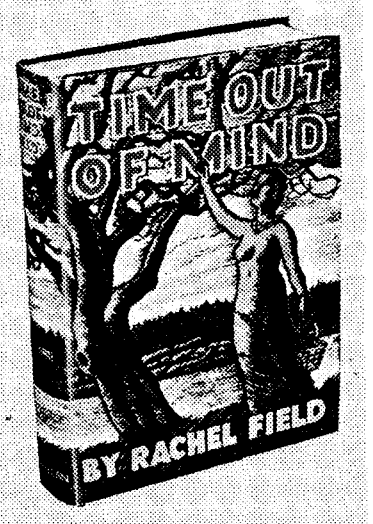

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for those interested in *the best* poetry . . .

Seldom is there a season so richly laden as this with enduring verse. First, The COLLECTED POEMS of John Masefield. A new edition in one volume, including all his works from "Salt Water Ballads" to the recent, thrilling, "End and Beginning". It is priced at $5.00. Then there are The SELECTED POEMS of Marianne Moore at $2.00, with a foreword by T. S. Eliot who declares the book embraces ". . . a part of the small, durable poetry of recent times." And, finally, R. P. Tristram Coffin's new book, STRANGE HOLINESS, rich in intimate understanding of the country folk and customs with which he deals. $1.75

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is a religious book. These are new and important:

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a brilliant symposium edited by Ralph H. Read $2.50

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by Hoxie Neale Fairchild $1.75

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by Stanley Brown-Serman and Herold Adye Prichard $2.50

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by Michael Williams *in collaboration with* Julia Kernan $2.50

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by William Temple $6.00

You Can Master Life
by James Gordon Gilkey $1.75

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The first book in English which shows how Russia, holding aloof from the family of nations, yet employs the technique of world diplomacy. $7.50

Ten Years of Adult Education
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The director of the American Association for Adult Education surveys results achieved in the last decade and forecasts future progress. $2.00

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A study of Wilsonian diplomacy, the Versailles Peace Conference, and the relation to both of contemporary French public opinion. $3.50

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Hundreds of babies were named after him, but he never stooped to kiss one of them; and though thousands of men believed for many years that he would be and should be President of the United States, he scorned to reach for that office—

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SPECIAL FROM

The AMEN CORNER

!

You already know about the beautiful one-volume Shakespeare Head edition of *The Works of William Shakespeare* which the Oxford University Press, New York, lately published at the amazing price of $3.00 ("The best one-volume edition of the complete works," said the *New Republic*. "The bargain of the year," announced the *New Yorker*. "It's a prize," declared the *Saturday Review of Literature*. "The only complete one-volume edition that is beautiful to behold, easy to read, and produced under a scholarly imprint," said the *Virginia Quarterly Review*.) If you have seen it in its beautiful binding (it comes in red or blue) in its slip-case, you know how desirable it is.

And now we learn that the Oxford Press is giving away free with the next 900 orders from readers a copy of the first American edition of *Shakespeare and Spiritual Life*, by John Masefield, the present Poet Laureate of England.

We advise you to write at once to the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, ordering your copy of the *Shakespeare Head Shakespeare* and the free pamphlet that goes with it while copies last.

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THE OXONIAN.

MICHELANGELO, THE MAN

A new life of one of the giants of the Renaissance — Sculptor, Painter, Architect and Poet. And an eminently readable biography!

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A SHAKESPEARE CONCORDANCE

S. G. B. of Neosho, Mo., *is in search of a Shakespeare concordance and of collections which contain Shakespeare quotations arranged according to topics.*

THE best and most comprehensive Shakespeare concordance is Bartlett's NEW AND COMPLETE CONCORDANCE OR VERBAL INDEX TO WORDS, PHRASES, AND PASSAGES IN THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE, WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY CONCORDANCE TO THE POEMS (Macmillan: $12.50). This is based upon the text of the Globe edition, and gives the full context for each word listed, with exact references to the act, scene, and line. As to the volumes containing a topical arrangement of Shakespeare, such works as Stevenson's HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS (Dodd, Mead), Hoyt's NEW CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS (Funk & Wagnalls), and Putnam's COMPLETE BOOK OF QUOTATIONS, PROVERBS, AND HOUSEHOLD WORDS (Putnams), the last arranged by authors with a subject index, contain a large number of Shakespearian quotations together with those from other authors. Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (Little, Brown) collects them together under the name of the poet. If S. G. B. is interested in a Shakespeare glossary the best is that of Charles Talbot Onions (Oxford University Press). The author, who was for many years on the staff of the NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY, aimed to supply definitions or illustrations of words or senses now obsolete or surviving only in archaic or provincial use; to furnish explanations of other words involving allusions not generally familiar, of proper names carrying with them some connotative significance or offering special interest or difficulty, and of idioms or colloquial phrases, the specialized use of pronouns and particles, and the relation of the poet's vocabulary to the Midland area, especially Warwickshire. His book includes also obsolete and technical words which occur only in the stage directions. It will be seen that he had "a mint of phrases in his brain."

BOOKS ON PUBLIC RELATIONS WORK

"I am trying to trail," writes L. E. A., of Huntington, W. Va., *some information through books on public relations work, and I do not know just where to turn for it. The general theme would be, I think, group contacts, or meeting the public, or cultivating the public viewpoint."*

J. C. Long's PUBLIC RELATIONS (McGraw-Hill) seems to be one of the most extensive works in the field and should cover the various phases of the subject which interest L. E. A. The Commercial News Corporation of 150 Nassau Street, New York City, distributes free a booklet entitled PUBLIC RELATIONS—PUBLIC POLICY AND COMMERCIAL PUBLICITY, by J. P. Jones, who, I take it for granted, is my old friend John Price Jones who so successfully conducted liberty loans and college drives. THE SCOPE OF PUBLIC RELATIONS, by W. S. Vivian, is to be had of the American Management Association, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. (A wave of homesickness for the building where the staff of the *Saturday Review* spent four happy years on the old *Evening Post* engulfs me as I write the address.) Edwin L. Bernays's OUTLINE OF CAREERS (Doubleday, Doran) devotes pages 285-96 to the public relations counsel, and AN OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN, edited by Doris E. Fleischman (Doubleday, Doran), accords pages 385-95 to the same subject.

ADVERTISING IN ITS VARIOUS ASPECTS

B. B. of Orange City, Ia., *is writing a paper on the general theme of advertising, and intends to give some general facts about advertising, the costs, the methods, radio, photography, etc. He wants references, which might be of assistance in preparing his paper.*

THE WRITTEN WORD (Greenberg), by Henry A. Batten, Marcus Goodrich, and Granville Toogood, which is the result of the collaboration of experienced advertising writers, "discusses advertising media, newspapers, the various kinds of magazines, and the art of adapting the style of writing to the readers of the selected medium." It is a useful work to lay the foundations for further study. For advertising design in special B. B. can turn to LAYOUT IN ADVERTISING (Harpers), by W. A. Dwiggins, with the certainty of getting discussion from a master in the art. Part I of the book treats of the designer's working tools, and of the different kinds of advertisements, and Part II of layout and adaptability. Frank A. Arnold, author director of development of N. B. C. advertising in his BROADCAST ADVERTISING, THE FOURTH DIMENSION (Wiley), covers radio broadcasting and television, and William Nelson Taft in his HANDBOOK OF WINDOW DISPLAY (McGraw-Hill) presents a comprehensive discussion of the principles and practice of this particular form of advertising.

So much for the technique of advertising. If B. B. wants more widely flung discussions he should examine BUSINESS, THE CIVILIZER (Little Brown), by Earnest Elmo Calkins, which is a defense of the uses to which advertising has been put in modern times, and 100,000,000 GUINEA PIGS (Vanguard Press), by A. Kallet and F. J. Schlink, which embodies many of the findings of Consumers' Research, SKIN DEEP by M. C. Phillips (Day), a volume dealing with cosmetic and other beauty advertising, and THE POPULAR PRACTICE OF FRAUD (Longmans, Green), by T. Swann Harding, *which has just been published.* These last three works are attacks upon and exposures of certains types of advertising. One other book B. B. ought to find extremely helpful. That is ADVERTISING: ITS ECONOMICS, PHILOSOPHY, AND TECHNIQUE (Lippincott), by Herbert W. Hess, head of the merchandising department of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania.

ANTHOLOGIES OF NEGRO POETRY

M. L. C. of Syracuse, N. Y., *wants the names of recent anthologies of Negro poetry.*

CAROLING DUSK (Harpers), edited by the distinguished Negro poet, Countee Cullen, presents brief biographical notices with the poems and is a selection made with taste. James Weldon Johnson's BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY, like CAROLING DUSK, an anthology compiled by a Negro, includes selections from forty writers, and furnishes critical and biographical notices of the authors represented. In addition a list of references for supplementary reading is supplied.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 625)

again and again. * * * A novel collection of famous escapes in war time and in the revolutionary period has been made by Captain H. C. Armstrong and published under the title of *Escape!* (McBride, $2.75). * * * Among travel books the *No Longer Innocent* by E. W. Irwin and Ivan Goff is the narrative of two youthful trampers around the world (Harper's, $2.75); *Loose Among Devils*, by Gordon Sinclair, is a story of "pilgrims in search of the exotic and the absurd" in Devil's Island and through West Africa (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). * * * An interesting group of miscellaneous books include:—Carl Van Doren's *What Is American Literature?* a brief essay first published in California and now reprinted (Morrow, $1), *The Prose and Poetry of Elinor Wylie* was originally a lecture delivered by William Rose Benét at Wheaton College (Wheaton College Press, Norton, Mass., 75c), *The Study of Drama* by H. Granville-Barker (Macmillan, $1.25), and *The Iliad of Homer* translated by Sir William Marris (Oxford University Press, $2.25), a translation into blank verse. * * * We note this week *Trading into Hudson Bay, 1934*, a narrative of a visit of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to Labrador, Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay in 1934 (Winnipeg: Hudson's Bay Co.). The book is illustrated by photographs. * * * Also the life and times of Eusebio Francisco Kino, called *Pioneer Padre*, by R. K. Willys (Dallas, Texas, Southwest Press, $3). * * * Edward C. Boykin has brought together personal material from Washington's writing, calling the book *The Autobiography of George Washington*, 1753-1799 (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50). * * * The brutal but striking cartoons of Jacob Burck, published by the *Daily Worker*, have been brought together in book form and published by that newspaper. This is an attack without gloves upon the *Daily Worker's* conception of the capitalistic system. * * * That excellent writer, Laura E. Richards, has written a life of her father, Samuel Gridley Howe, the famous worker with the blind. Talks with many distinguished Americans are part of the story (Appleton-Century, $2.50). * * * In two hundred pages of simple, readable text with many illustrations and a bibliography, Dagny Carter tells the history of 5,000 years of Chinese art. The book is called *China Magnificent* (John Day, $4). * * * That latest indoor pet, the tropical fish, gets his own book in *Tropical Fishes and Home Aquaria* by Alfred Morgan, with an introduction by S. S. Van Dine (Scribner, $2.50).

"Fleming's witty kaleidoscope merits **immediate applause,"**

says CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH-CLUB NEWS

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS—Change your viewpoint, and face life happily. Apply for prospectus to Registrar, School of Novices of the A.M.A.B.O.N.S., Box 265, R. F. D., Manteca, California.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL on Lake Mahopac, N. Y., commuting distance to city. Situated on lake with all that goes with that sort of thing, for sale or summer rental. Note: Write to Louise Swartz, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, Jewish, 36, New Yorker, fond of books, hiking, and bridge, blessed with defective hearing, desires to correspond with intelligent woman. Box 338-A.

TEACHER, male, 27, Rochester, wants cultured associate for bicycle or auto junket through Britain and France in July. Box 339-A.

ATTRACTIVE college woman over 30 desires new contacts (35-50) either sex. Interests: discussions, theatre, dancing, bridge, hiking. Box 340-A.

LOST, in Life's Dust Storm, one Ohio girl. Is there another dust-covered individual, interested in the theatre, dancing and books, who will come to my rescue? Box 341-A.

SECRETARY, college graduate, very well read, social background, stenography preferable, not essential, pleasing voice. Box 342-A.

YEAR-ROUND OUTDOOR CLUB, informal family place, mutualized, owning lake and surrounding hills, invites new members appreciating advantages of Adirondack life brought near New York. Box 344-A.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED. Market suggestions, minor corrections included. 40c per thousand. Ruth Weinert, 38 Elgrove Road, Rochester, New York.

CREATIVE MIND, interests versatile, middle-aged in years only. Offers and desires stimulating companionship. New York, Box 394-A.

WANTED—Young woman, character, personality, physique, as assistant and companion, in exchange for 5 months at camp on Maine coast. Box 350-A.

IS THERE anywhere in New England eastern equivalent of dude-ranch, or anyone who organizes horseback trips? Box 351-A.

YOUNG BUSINESS WOMAN desires share her comfortable and attractively furnished home, Greenwich, Connecticut, with one or two congenial quiet people, July and August. Garage, reasonable. Box 352-A.

WOULD some nice man like to exchange letters now and then with a nice girl, about nothing in particular? Am not a repressed wall-flower. Box 353-A.

NEWSMAN, 36, but still resilient, tired of butting radical-pacifist head against provincial publisher's rugged individualism; seeks more sympathetic connection where San Francisco-New York experience, minuscule reputation as writer, and embarrassingly acute social conscience may prove assets rather than debits. Box 354-A.

WANTED—Used car (Ford, closed). Good car from good owner. Box 355-A.

MIRACLE cheap: 22 forested acres, San Juan Islands, Puget Sound. 900 feet beach, salmon fishing, mountain horizon, perfect playground, trees for cabins, gorgeously ideal. We want to go vagabonding. $450.00 NOW. F. Burn, Box 955, Bellingham, Wash.

ARE YOU BORED to death by your moron environment? Send 3c stamp for unique plan of connecting the mentally isolated by correspondence. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

FOR RENT, furnished, for a year, more or less, adults only, a little White House, resting on a side hill. In front of the house a little bent path leading into a large hidden garden filled with old-timey flowers. A lovely black birch guards the entrance gate. Living Room, Dining Room, Sun Porch, four Bedrooms, Den, three Baths, second-story Porch with Sea and wide country views. Rare old prints, library of choice old books—books one should not forget. Ten minutes' walk to the station and Sound. House open Saturday and Sunday. $150.00 per month. 321 Arleigh Road, Douglaston, L. I.

Double-Crostics: Number 55

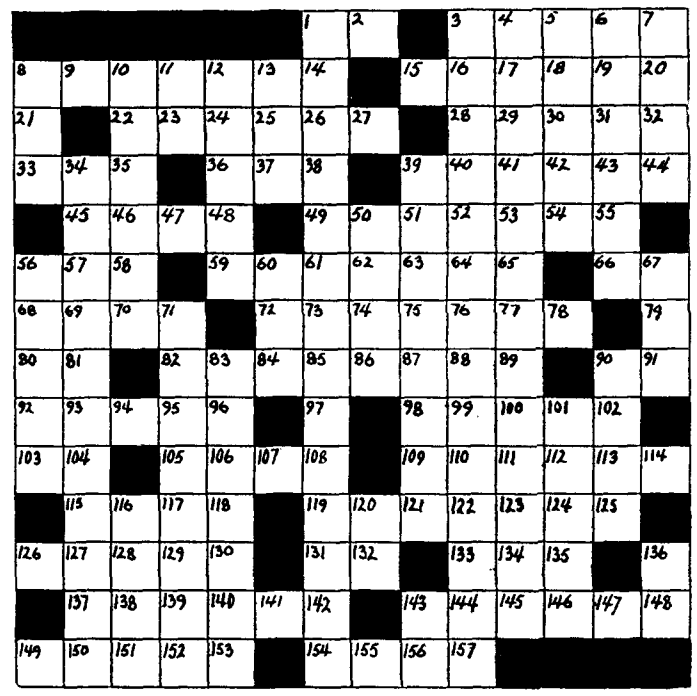
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 157-148-19-86-62-28. Slanting, off balance.	_ _ _ _ _
II. 48-146-110-11-32-27. A precursor, messenger.	_ _ _ _ _
III. 60-134-153-92-97-113. Herculean stables.	_ _ _ _ _
IV. 4-33-151-23-80-112-149. Hackneyed expressions.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 140-116-49. A Kipling character.	_ _ _
VI. 14-129-46-73-111-41. Medicinal liquid.	_ _ _ _ _
VII. 145-20-139-106-8-99-85-55. Draw back.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 156-42-102-132-135-95. Sacred books of Zoroastrianism.	_ _ _ _ _
IX. 142-13-107-67-84-47. Poetic for entitled.	_ _ _ _ _
X. 25-7-124-59-17-44. Chemically sour.	_ _ _ _ _
XI. 103-141-87-30-70-93. Character in "As You Like It."	_ _ _ _ _
XII. 6-37-58-131-144-77. Elemental water sprite.	_ _ _ _ _
XIII. 2-50-36-152-101-81. A delicate gradation.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 21-29-126-155-74-88-65-114. Low in spirits.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XV. 53-18-105-91-34-154-130. Search for the alkahest.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 133-56-147-108-40-16-35-123-98-118. Senseless jargon.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVII. 24-61-137-125-72-54. Edible mollusk.	_ _ _ _ _
XVIII. 143-83-128-100-109-10. Moral elevation.	_ _ _ _ _
XIX. 52-90-31-22-76. A Dickens character.	_ _ _ _ _
XX. 69-136-96-5-120-75-57-1-38-26. A lampoon.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXI. 3-71-119-150. Roguish, mischievous.	_ _ _ _
XXII. 68-127-12-63. English colonist (1644-1718).	_ _ _ _
XXIII. 94-9-115-121-82-66-51. Absorbs, entangles.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIV. 122-89-15-43-64-117-78. Substitute rulers.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXV. 39-45-138-104-79. Member of Apodidæ (birds).	_ _ _ _ _



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 54)

ROBERT FROST—"NEW HAMPSHIRE"

I knew a man who failing as a farmer
Burned down his farmhouse for the fire insurance,
And spent the proceeds on a telescope
To satisfy a life-long curiosity
About our place among the infinities.

GOING! GOING! GONE!

The number of answers received during the coming week will tell the story on the *Puzzle Plebiscite*. If you want one or more copies of a reprint of the first 52 *Double-Crostics* in pamphlet form (probable price 50 cents each, postpaid), let us know at once. We will make the reprint if a sufficient number of SRL readers desire it. To date, the total response, while gratifying, is still below the necessary figure. *Puzzle Plebiscite*, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

PERSONALS

ATTENTION! Survivors of the prebridge age! If you hanker for the "forgotten art of conversation," the exchange of ideas with open-minded men and women gathered around the fireplace for intellectually stimulating conversation, help us to form a small group of "wit-sharpeners." Not more than eight or ten; not a club; informal. No Reds, no Fundamentalists, no Faddists. Details of yourself, please. CONVERSATION.

TO LET, 2 months or more, furnished cottage 200 years old. 3 Sitting, 5 Bedrooms. Riding, Golf, Fishing. Half hour to London. 12 Guineas weekly. References required. E Munro, Crawford Cottage, Richmond Hill, Surrey, England.

MUSIC WRITTEN to your lyrics. $2.00 melody lead; $5.00 piano arrangements. Remit with order. Johns Conservatory, Dodgeville, Wisconsin.

SOMEONE, fancy free, to set up gay letter-paper personality for five months' banter and hobnobbing. FLICK.

COMPANION-NURSE, with education and refinement, seeks position with gentlewoman—at sea-shore, mountains, or ranch. Interests are music, books, theatre and travel. Box 356-A.

MIAMI, FLORIDA, TEACHER, young, feminine, traveled, thinks masculine Review readers worth cultivating. Anticipates correspondence. Box 357-A.

PIPESMOKE: I've found OUR book! "An Almanac for Moderns," by Peattie. Everything we talked about that day in the woods is there. Ladyslipper.

WOULD BUY used Gray's or Piersol's *Anatomy*. Box 358-A.

RENT OR SALE: Twelve-room furnished country home, modern conveniences, on river, Eastern Shore, Md. Farm faces state road. Baltimore.

BUY SMART! Save money on Radios, Typewriters, Travel Accommodations, etc. What are your needs? F. Petri, 1107 Broadway, N. Y. C.

AUTHOR must sell century old brick house on common, charming southern Vermont hill village. Slate roof, 2½ stories, 9 rooms, 5 fireplaces. Wooden el: workshop, garage, shed. Plumbing in process. Delightful year round or summer home. Ideal community. Sacrifice $2,300. Box 359-A.

PERSONALS

FURNISHED APARTMENT, 4 bedrooms, north exposure, quiet, Columbia section. Park. May or June to September. $90. Box 310-A.

FOR SALE—Furnished cottage of six rooms, Beaver Lake, Sussex County, New Jersey; three canoes and rowboat; 47 miles from New York; terms reasonable. Inquire Mrs. W. H. Richardson, 250 Union Street, Jersey City.

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A who's who of Discoverers

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KATHLEEN NORRIS:

"Witty, human, honest, SALT OF THE EARTH has the clean fine tang of New England summers, the snows and summers of a real town that is full of real persons, and elms and blackberry patches, and joy and tears and heroism and stupidities. Miss Marshall has long been holding a stethescope against the heart of America, and she gives her diagnosis frankly, with infinite sympathy and understanding, and of course with the inevitable infusion of laughter that is so important a part of her own courageous conception of living. SALT OF THE EARTH is Americana of a valuable type."

FAITH BALDWIN:

"I like the story and the setting and the people. It was like finding a familiar face to greet Aunt Cora again."

ANNE PARRISH:

"What delight and interest she finds and shares in all the usually too easily accepted things of daily life; flowers, trees, plum jam (I could taste it), kittens that really tumble out of the pages."

INEZ HAYES IRWIN:

"It was, to me, like the first taste of maple sugar in the spring when I was a child and the first breath of mayflowers, now that I am a woman. I am a New Englander, sprung from seven generations of New Englanders and I enjoyed your New England landscape with something that was half tears and half laughter. I like your people too. David is an extremely fine character and Mirth is an extremely fine girl. This is a better book than NONE BUT THE BRAVE."

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS week is overshadowed for me by the death of the great American poet, *Edwin Arlington Robinson,* at the New York Hospital. I have learned that, before his relapse, Mr. Robinson was able to glance at the proofs of his new book, written this last summer at the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro, New Hampshire. The Macmillan Company, his publishers for years, will bring it out. Mr. Robinson's superb contribution to American poetry is well known and has been properly praised. There remains nothing for me to add to that praise. But I was fortunate enough, of late years, to get to know the poet among the sea-blue mountains of New Hampshire, and to find that a kinder, more generous friend and a more lovable man never existed. There was always something about him too, in the words of his own poem on Lincoln, "laconic and Olympian," which never consorted ill with his absolute naturalness and friendliness, and his dry humor, often of a delicious quality. Few enough of us can boast a life of such single purpose, or a life so thoughtful of friends. . . . This was a great man who moved through our hasty and greedy world, with its ill-considered judgments. He could afford to bide his time. When one thinks how long he had been writing before his country's recognition came to him, one recognizes the irony. But it did come at last, in full measure, and his life has closed under the laurel, which was never better awarded. . . .

Rebecca West is with us again, after seven years absence from this country, during which time occurred her marriage to the London banker, *Henry Maxwell Andrews.* She avers that the lives of bankers are "a hundred times more adventurous and daring than those of writers, actors, artists, and archæologists." . . . Miss West is one of the few English writers who understands the United States like a native, perhaps a little better than a native, having the advantage of perspective. . . . *Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes,* always a welcome visitor, is also with us again. Her latest book, "Who Rides the Tiger," will appear on the seventeenth of this month. . . . Appleton-Century's "Tired Business Man's Library" has been most successful. They have already published fifteen titles in this series, and now five new volumes present detective and mystery fiction written by accomplished authors. Among them are *David Hume, Talbot Mundy,* and *Sidney Williams.* . . . In 1926 *Frazier Hunt* bought a five thousand acre cattle ranch in Western Alberta, Canada. His nearest neighbor to the East is the *Prince of Wales,* and it was here that he got to know the Prince intimately. Harper's will publish his book on "The Bachelor Prince" on April 17th. Today, it seems, the Prince's ruling passion is housing and unemployment relief work. Mr. Hunt, I understand, gives a new and authoritative view of this perennially interesting international personage. . . . *Gertrude Stein* set aside one of her first evenings in San Francisco to dine with *William Saroyan,* author of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." . . . *Enid Bagnold's* "National Velvet," to be published by Morrow the end of this month, is a favorite in the *Saturday Review* offices. . . . The "New Temple Shakespeare," edited by *Professor M. R. Ridley* of Balliol College, Oxford, and published by Dutton, will be, when finished, complete in forty volumes. The first Temple Shakespeare was published in 1894. The present edition takes advantage of important discoveries unearthed through a growing study of the Shakespeare text and of the poet's life and times. You will remember that the original editor of the Temple Shakespeare was that famous scholar, the late *Israel Gollancz.* . . . *James Gray,* author of "Shoulder the Sky," is, it seems, not a Minneapolis man, as I was informed, but a St. Paul man. He writes a daily column for the *St. Paul Despatch.* The Twin Cities get quite nervous about such mistakes! . . . Doubleday, Doran have contracted with *Felix Riesenberg* for his autobiography, and he has sailed to the West Indies to write it. . . . *John O'Hara* is at work on a novel which Harcourt, Brace will publish in the Fall. Mr. O'Hara is making summer plans now, tentatively deciding to take a cottage at Cape Cod. . . . When *John Buchan* succeeds the Earl of Bessborough, as Governor General of Canada, Canada will certainly be getting a darn good novelist to lead them. I congratulate our neighbor! . . .

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Daffodils are out in the garden, and old Wordsworth Quercus would rather be raking brush in the wood-lot than indoors with book-catalogues. ☞We got a eucalyptic grin the other day by the item in the papers about the Spanish prince who said that since he was now forced to live on $659 a month he was coming to America to be a book reviewer. ☞Louis Greenfield, the *Saturday Review's* Daniel Boone in the forests of the trade, tells us that the *Book Dial,* catalogue-magazine of the Doubleday Doran Book Shops, is now being edited by Ruth May, Marcia Passage, and A. van A. van Duym. ☞Coming back from Baltimore the other day was amused by a sign in Newark: *Weldon Roberts Erasers Correct Mistakes in Any Language.*

☞Quercus hears with pleasure of a new volume, *Early American Books and Printing,* by our learned and lapidary colleague John T. Winterich (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). ☞R. R. Wilson of the Press of the Pioneers (11 West 42, N. Y. C.) announces that Emory Holloway and Ralph Adimari have dug up from the files of an old New York weekly many hitherto unrepublished essays by Walt Whitman. They are to be reprinted in a volume called *New York Dissected.*

☞We are interested in the rapid growth of the movement for encouraging and rewarding private collections of books made by college students. It began, we believe, at Swarthmore, and was followed promptly by many others. We have heard of prize awards, given on substantially similar criteria, to undergraduate book-collectors at Smith, California, Wellesley, Purdue, Haverford, Scripps, Minnesota, Wesleyan, Mills, Oklahoma, and Connecticut College for Women. Rockford College in Illinois is one of the new adherents of the plan and recently gave 25 undergraduates prizes of $5 each for the purchase of books. Rockford has lately opened Maddox House, a "browsing bookshop," as a part of its campus life. It is managed by Miss Lesley Frost. ☞The motto chosen by Charles E. Rush for his Personal Library Award at Connecticut College is *My Room Shall be Known By the Books I Own.*

By LEWIS GIBBS

EARTHQUAKE IN THE TRIANGLE

The noted author of ON THE HILL takes the likable people living on the "Triangle" of a London suburb as the characters for his new novel, EARTHQUAKE IN THE TRIANGLE. Cutting through the outer core of experience he reveals the inner drama of human hearts.

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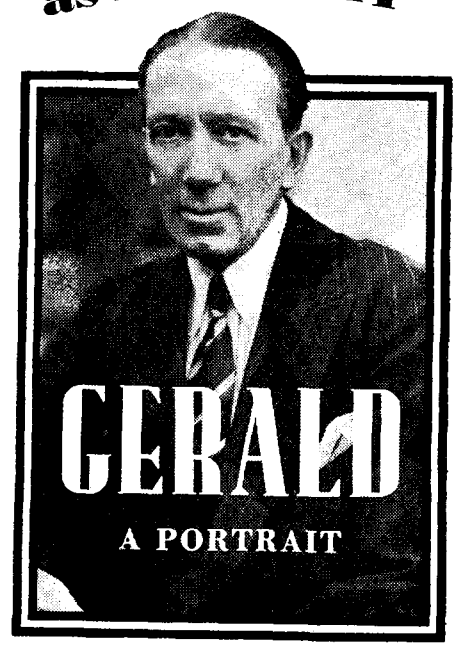

by Daphne du Maurier

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GREY GRANITE

by Lewis Grassic Gibbon

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